SURVEY GRAPHIC

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The Gist of It

WITH summer vacation ended, and school bells swinging once more above city streets and country crossroads, this September number of Survey Graphic begins with a sheaf of articles which tell the story of new educational undertakings, or discuss some of the special problems that confront us as parents or teachers or as members of the community in which Young America is growing up.

ON the great cotton ranches of the San Joaquin Valley in California, new techniques in the education of foreign-born children are being worked out, new cultural values discovered in the effort to adapt public school procedures to the needs of the children who "follow the crops." HUBERT PHILLIPS, who knows these "migratory schools" at first hand, is dean of liberal arts in the State Teachers College at Fresno, California. (Page 493).

THE first of a series of Survey Graphic articles on the applications of modern art to everyday living in this country and abroad considers the possible contribution of the "new" architecture to the program of the experimental schools (page 496). As headmaster of Oak Lane Country Day School, Philadelphia, WILLIAM BURNLEE CURRY worked out with the architects one of the buildings, designed to conform to educational needs rather than to an architectural formula, which he describes. One time headmaster of Bedales, Mr. Curry has now returned to England to serve as director of education at Dartington Hall, Totnes.

IS the tin soldier the real menace to world peace? Are the happy warriors who wage their mimic battles on our playing fields and in our classrooms inevitably hurrying toward the Next War? FARNSWORTH CROWDER, who bases his questions (page 499) on his experience with little boys and larger ones, is a graduate of the University of Chicago, a former newspaper man, and now a teacher of history in a well-known private school on the Pacific Coast.

ALDEN HEWITT writes, "I have done some teaching among races other than Nordic. That, and the handicap of an illy repressed sense of humor, have been a serious detriment to me in acquiring the properly sober view of certain aspects of American education." She sends her account of the project method gone wrong (page 502) from Berkeley, California, where she is acting as director of education for St. Clement's Church, and studying in the graduate school of the university.

FORMERLY a teacher in both public and private schools, and today the parent of a small son and daughter and the director of an informal nursery school in Westport, Connecticut, where she makes her home, ADELAIDE NICHOLS has a many-sided interest in the community experiment in character education which she discusses, page 504.

FROM dusty records in the attics of several social agencies comes the reckoning of a social-work failure in terms of dollars and cents and of its menace to public health and safety (page 508). CARL R. ROGERS is director of the Child Study Department of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Rochester, N. Y., a clinic to which children are referred by the Children's Court and other local agencies. MR. RAPPAPORT, a recent Cornell graduate, is on the staff of the same organization. Dr. Rogers writes, "The names used in the article are fictitious and the circumstances sufficiently disguised to completely protect the actual family. However, all the essential facts are true, and based on records of our own and other Rochester agencies."

PAULINE LEADER writes about women wage-earners not as an economist or a statistician but as a twenty-three-year-old girl who has held numerous factory jobs in Greater New York. Her account of the young worker in a book bindery (page 514) as well as her recent book, And No Birds Sing (Vanguard Press) are proof that her spirit has triumphed over poverty, physical handicap and The Machine.

SOME reasons for expecting a rising deathrate in this country within a decade are set forth (page 510) by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, professor of sociology at New York University and president of the American Eugenics Society, who also points out why such a development need not be "viewed with alarm."

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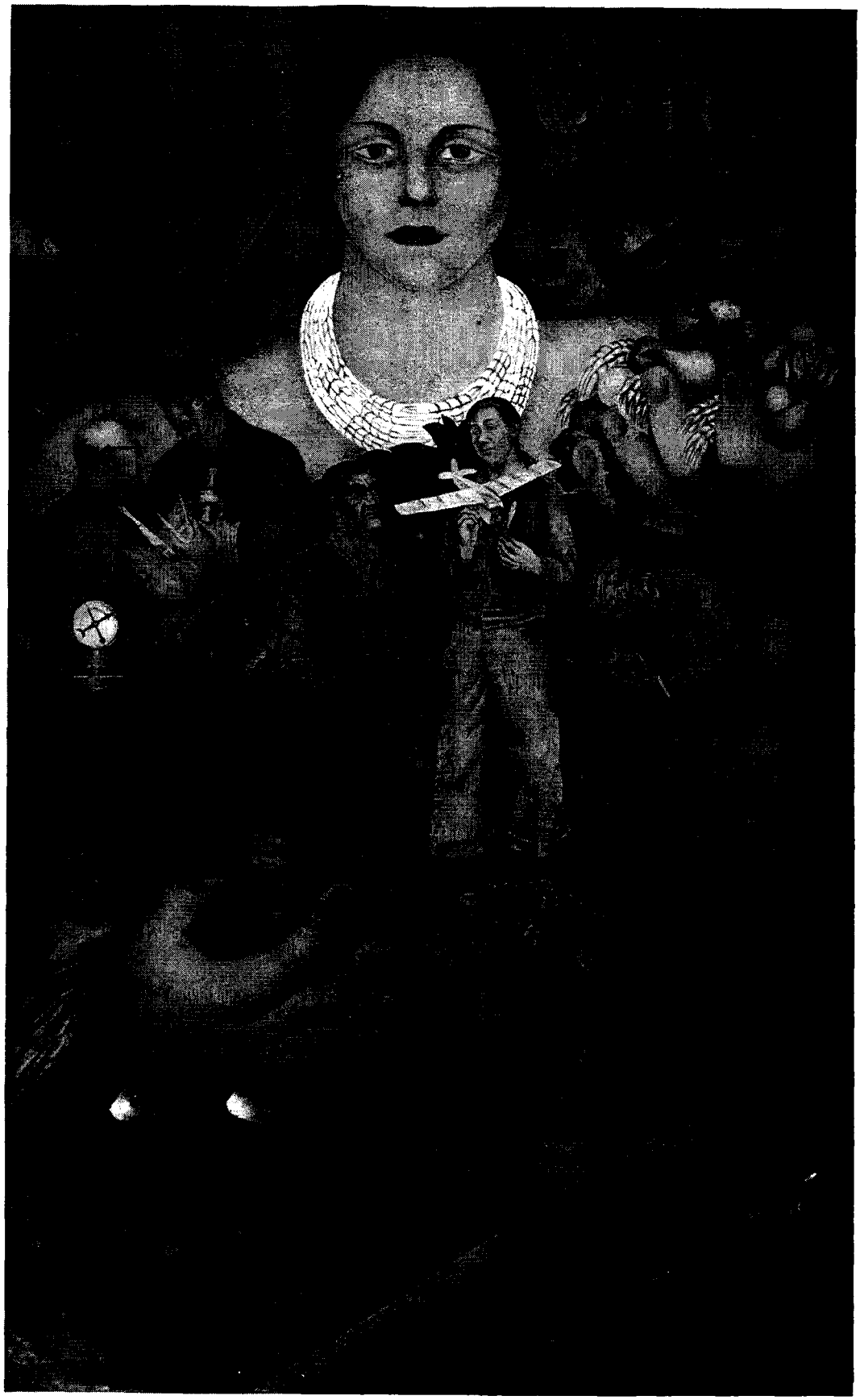

CALIFORNIA BY DIEGO RIVERA

Fresco decoration in the Stock Exchange Lunch Club, San Francisco

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SURVEY GRAPHIC

SEPTEMBER
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The School Follows the Child

By HUBERT PHILLIPS

THE word "school" has come to connote, in progressive states, a beautiful building, modern equipment, artistically landscaped grounds, play-yard apparatus for the smaller children—a combined educational, health and civic center. But there is not the least physical resemblance between such a school plant and the ones to be described here. If I were to describe the physical appointments of the latter it would be after this manner: the building, a rude shack or tent; the equipment, plain pine tables with benches along the side, or, in a few cases, desks of a kind common to the schoolrooms of a generation ago; the playground, a bit of desert with the ubiquitous baseball diamond; the landscaping, none—no grass, no trees, no flowers—all this in a state noted for its lavish support of education and for the beauty of its school plants. To explain such an anomaly demands a brief digression into geography and agricultural economics.

Between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range Mountains of California lies a great valley along which flow, in opposite directions, two large rivers emptying near together into one of the arms of San Francisco Bay. These two rivers determine the fact that what is really one valley bears two names, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. In the latter the earliest settlements were made, about a hundred years ago, in the eastern part among the foothills. Even today the vast majority of the four hundred thousand people of the San Joaquin Valley live within thirty miles of the eastern foothills. The district they occupy is a fertile one of orange groves, peach, apricot and fig orchards and vineyards of raisin grapes.

As one journeys toward the Coast Range, settlement grows sparser and sparser until one can see here and there, miles apart, only an isolated filling station. Until six years ago one came at last to a point, halfway between the railroad and the western mountains, where there stretched twenty miles of flat, barren desert without a human inhabitant. In this plain are today thousands of acres of cotton, stretching as far as the eye is able to distinguish objects. Great companies, amply financed, have sunk the wells and installed the turbine pumps which bring irrigating water from a thousand feet below the surface. They now operate these enormous acreages, leasing the land from owners that a few years ago never expected to see a growing thing on their land except the desert flowers of early spring and the summer sage brush.

In the cotton area of the San Joaquin the Mexican, for some reason, has come to be almost the sole labor supply. He arrives with family and household goods in a car of more or less ancient vintage; is content with living quarters which offer a little shade and easy access to a water supply; arranges cooking and washing equipment for the household and is ready for work.

At first when single men came, or men who had left their wives in Mexico, the state's only concern was to see that the camping places conformed to certain rudimentary sanitary requirements; but when whole families began to arrive, especially at cotton picking time, for a residence varying from a few weeks to six months, the school authorities faced a real problem. The California law says that every child between the ages of eight and sixteen must be in school. Should the state provide educational facilities of some sort for the children of the migratory worker or should it ignore their presence? To have done the latter would have raised no public outcry; in fact, it would probably have been approved by many of the employers of such labor.

THE decision to undertake the education of the children of the migratory family was primarily due, without doubt, to the fact that California has, as an integral part of its State Department of Education, a Division of Immigrant Education, ably manned (by a woman) and having a philosophy and a program far more fundamental and comprehensive than the "Americanization" so common in the years immediately following the Great War. The latter undertaking seemed to some of us to have as its chief objective to get the new immigrant to salute the flag, to recite by rote that we are ruled by a president, a Senate, and a House of Representatives, and that the fundamental law of the land is a document called the Constitution. The broader program keeps constantly in mind the fact that many Mexicans will never return to Mexico, but will reside permanently in some section of the state, and that they and their

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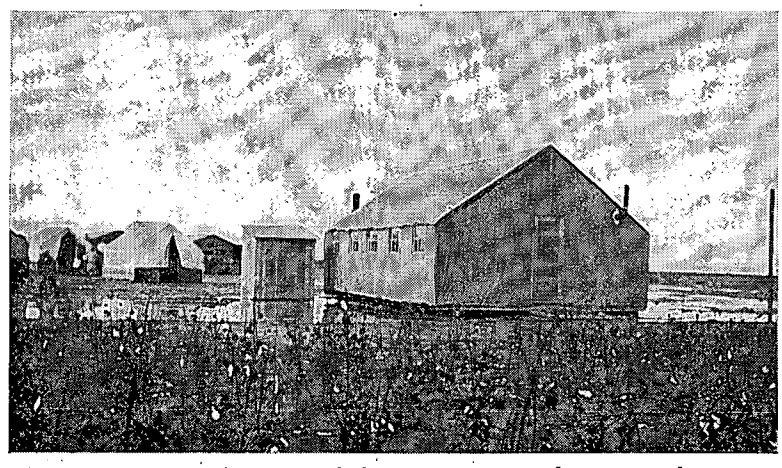
children will in time probably become American citizens.

Most California counties and cities with a large foreign-born population thus have a department of Immigrant Education in the school system to prepare foreign-born residents for citizenship; help the foreign-born wife and mother to adjust herself to her new environment; and, in fact, to do anything and everything to assimilate alien groups into the civic and political life of the United States, trying to help them retain "the best of the old" while they acquire "the best of the new." It was the director of Immigrant Education in Fresno county who, some six years ago, first faced the problem of educating the migratory child, or to put it more accurately, the child of the migratory worker. Without organization, buildings, or precedent she set to work. Only one part of the problem was made easy. As the great cotton ranches developed, permanent labor camps were established. Rows of one-room "houses" were built; a deep well furnishing plenty of good water was drilled; and sanitary surface toilets were constructed. Practically every camp contained from ten to thirty children of school age which, of course, was a group large enough to justify establishing a school. But what about buildings, teachers, equipment? The cotton camps are from five to ten miles west of the line of permanent settlement where school buildings were already located. The boundary lines of the school districts containing the permanent schools include the great cotton ranches. So, if the trustees of these schools had bought a little extra equipment, and perhaps employed an extra teacher, it would have been necessary only to transport the Mexican children to schools already in existence. This may sound reasonable, sensible, and economical; but nothing of the sort was done. No sooner was such a project suggested than protests from parents poured in, demanding the segregation of the Mexican children in separate schools. While holding no brief for those who wish to put the human race into compartments according to race, color, or nationality, I am bound to say that the results in this case were good. What the parents feared—the contamination of their children, morally or culturally by the children of Mexican "greasers"—was a figment of the imagination; but what they did not fear—physical contamination—was a real danger: practically every Mexican child entering the first migratory schools had, according to the official reports, "impetigo and pediculosis," and many had graver health defects.

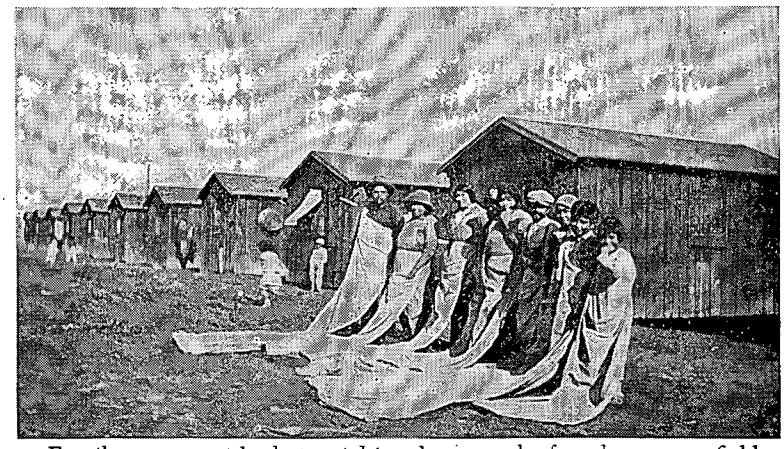
The trustees of the old established districts were not in a mood to increase the taxes of themselves and their neighbors to erect school buildings at the cotton camps, but they could not escape the support of such schools if they were established. The operators of the cotton ranches were therefore persuaded to put up some sort of a building and to provide it with a minimum of equipment—tables, benches, blackboards. Surely a teacher entering such a schoolroom for the first time must have realized that what her pupils would get out of the school must come directly from her own enthusiasm and spirit. She lacked all the mechanical aids which the modern teacher is supposed to have at her command.



A tent school after one of the rare rains in the cotton district

In the early days of the project, before permanent camps became the rule, the buildings were often moved from place to place following the temporary quarters of the cotton pickers. One building was even built upon a skid-like arrangement to facilitate moving. In a few cases a tent stretched over a platform was the schoolroom. One gusty February day a teacher and her little group of pupils were huddled around the stove in the middle of their tent school trying to keep warm and to avoid as far as possible the raindrops which were finding every small opening in the canvas roof. Suddenly a sharp blast tore the tent loose from its fastenings, leaving the teacher and pupils still huddling around the stove but now exposed to the full force of the storm while their former shelter went rolling across the sticky adobe of a neighboring cotton field.

WITH children and with buildings, such as they were, and with the teacher's salary assured, there remained only the selection of the teacher before the new project could be launched. The legal authority to choose the teacher lay in the hands of the local trustees. Though they were lukewarm toward the whole undertaking, in every case, they followed the recommendation of the county supervisor of Immigrant Education. She, realizing full well the difficulties to be faced, knew how much depended upon the right teacher. Training was important but equally important for a teacher in such a school was her attitude toward the children with whom she would have to deal. If, into such a situation a teacher was sent who was always be-



Family group with their picking bags ready for the cotton field

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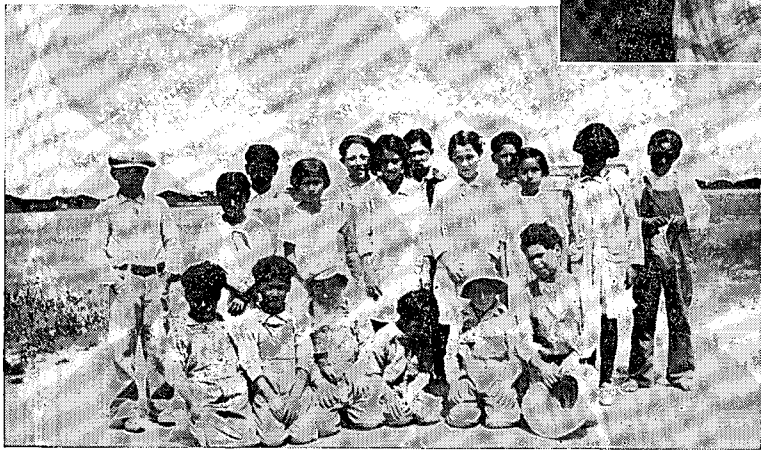
moaning her fate and who looked down upon the children in her charge as a group of "foreigners" then she would be unhappy and uninterested and the children would learn little. On the other hand, "good will" has its decided limitations. Untold damage has been done by teachers with no other equipment than "attitude."

It is hard to realize the difficulties the teachers of the very first migratory schools had to overcome. The children in most cases knew no English whatever; a working vocabulary had to be built up by pictures, dialogue and various ingenious devices. Then instruction was pursued along fairly conventional lines though some interesting and suggestive departures from the usual texts and study outlines have been made. Art, in which the Mexican child excels, offered a fertile field for teacher-pupil contact, and the bare walls of most migratory schools are now gay with paintings that would do credit to any schoolroom of comparable grade. The careful supervision that has helped build up these migratory schools has meant many weary miles of travel. One school is sixty-eight miles from the county seat.

Some of the earlier difficulties have now disappeared. While the children who attend the migratory schools are here today and on the road tomorrow, somewhere in their wanderings most of them have now had contact with a school. Seldom does a first-grader come with no knowledge of English; an older brother or sister has given him at least the beginning of a vocabulary. A special course of study for the migratory schools, based on the usual elementary curriculum has been worked out. Equipment has been improved, though in a school I recently visited the teachers were almost frantic because the children could not do good art or written work —the table surfaces on which they had to work were so rough and uneven the pencils punched holes with distressing frequency.

The migratory Mexican brings a problem, not only to the community in general, but to the church to which he traditionally belongs. The very nature of his life and work in the rural sections of California and other western states, reduces his contacts with the church to a minimum. But if the children do not come to her, the church, like the school, will go to the children. On Monday at one migratory school, Tuesday at another, and so through the school week, a car carrying a few nuns from a convent many miles away is waiting on the public road when school is dismissed. The children are carefully questioned, in Spanish, as to the religious affiliation of their parents, the Protestant children are sent on their way and the Catholic children kept for catechizing. An interesting sight it is to see the black robed nuns walking up and down imparting religious instruction to a group of children standing at the edge of the highway or seated on the bank of a convenient irrigation canal.

In the migratory school, economics determine the length of the school day. When the first schools were established the hours were from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty which enabled Jose, Manuel, Carmelita and Maria to join their father and mother in the cotton field after the noon rest period. It takes the income of the whole family to insure food and clothing for the family of the itinerant laborer. True, the amount of cotton picked by each boy or girl after school hours is not large but the aggregate earned by three or four children means a considerable addition to the family income.



Pupils of a migratory school—at work in the schoolroom and grouped in the dusty baseball diamond

Seven-thirty proved too early for the children to get to school, because many of them had to feed the younger ones or do the family laundry after father and mother had gone to the cotton fields. Now the schools run from eight to one with three brief intermissions for rest and play. Yet eight to one, just as seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, is only five hours while the usual school day in California is six hours. A five-hour school day is legal provided *all* schools of a particular district so operate, but the migratory schools are in regularly established school districts operating the usual six-hour school in the permanent settlements of the district. The five-hour school is clearly a violation of the state school law. To avoid complications state school officials carefully make no inquiry about hours. On that subject they are "officially" ignorant. So many times one has reason to inveigh against the tendency of public officials to twist the last inch of red tape to hinder some worthwhile undertaking, that it is a genuine pleasure to record, in this instance, a case of official blindness with a social objective.

The wages of cotton pickers have been declining with the price of cotton. In the district under consideration the wages paid for picking one (*Continued on page* 524)

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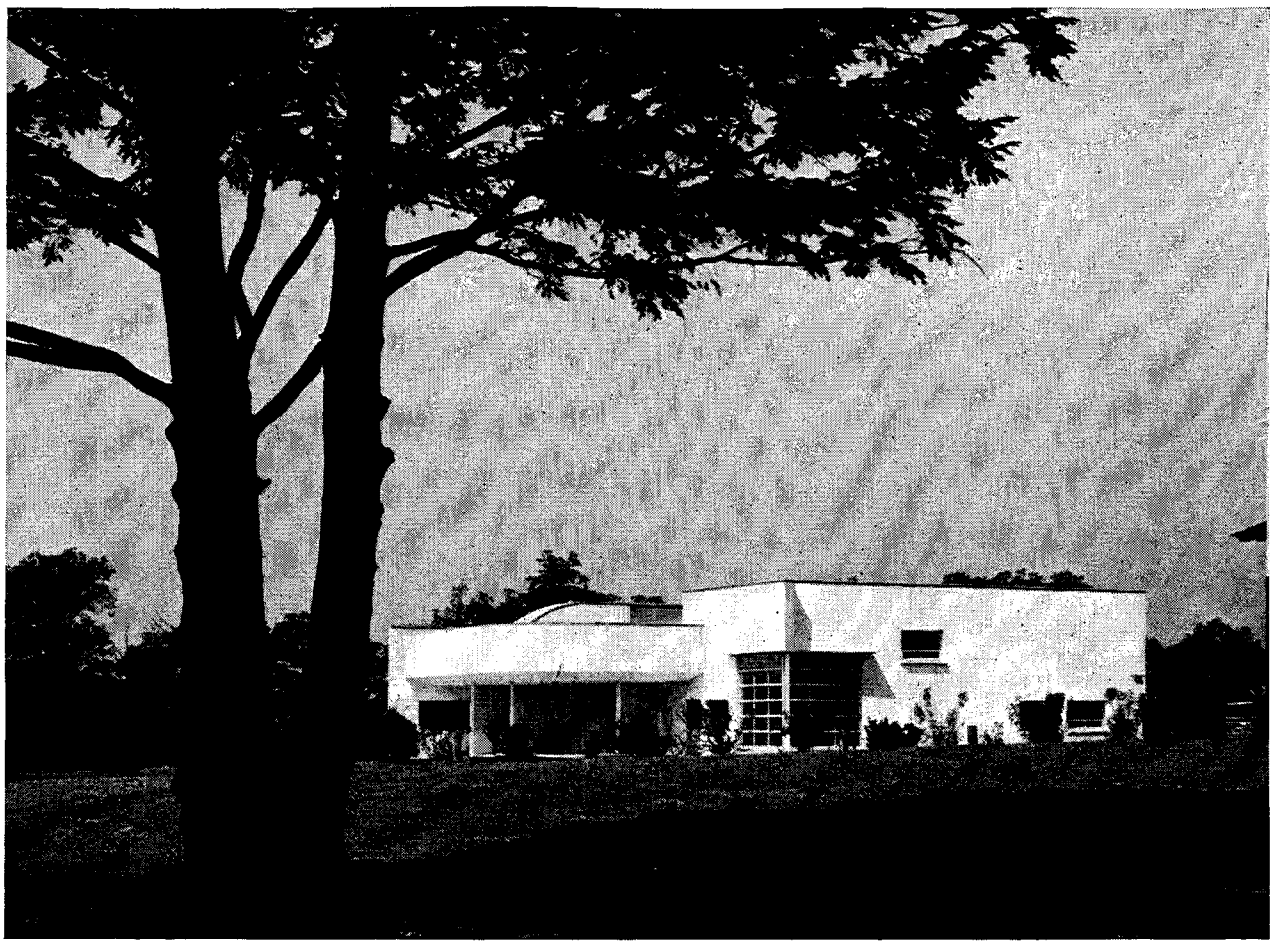


Photos from Howe and Lescaze, Architects

Plans for this nursery school building were based on educational needs rather than an architectural formula

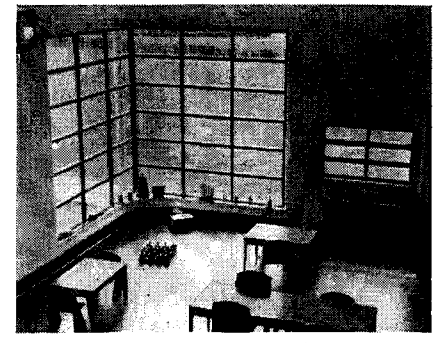
Modern Buildings for New Schools

By WILLIAM BURNLEE CURRY

MY own acquaintance with modern architecture dates from the time about three years ago, when it was decided to add a Nursery School to the Oak Lane Country Day School, Philadelphia. The donors of the new building were Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Stokowski, and on a day when the plans of a more or less conventional building were already well advanced, Mr. Stokowski suggested to me that we were on the wrong track, and that a modern building was more likely to give us what we desired. At his suggestion I went to see Mr. Lescaze, who agreed to plan a new building for us.

In the office of Mr. Lescaze I felt that I was breathing an entirely new atmosphere. I had talked to architects before about school buildings and had always found that the exigencies of the architect's own stylistic prejudices were thought to be more important than the functional needs of the building itself. The whole approach of this modern architect seemed to me infinitely more intelligent than anything I had come across before. He said, in effect: "You have a certain problem here: you wish to house so many children, you need so much space, your methods demand a certain relation between the rooms, and science suggests that the rooms must be filled with sunlight and fresh air. We have certain materials and engineering devices which were not known when the traditional architectural forms were developed. Furthermore, if we adopted one of these traditional forms, a definite limit would be imposed upon our freedom to adapt the building as completely as possible to its proposed uses and to make the most effective use of modern knowledge. Our problem, therefore, is to use an architectural formula based on human intention, structural logic and harmonious aspect." These three, he pointed out, have always been inseparable in sound architecture and are the foundation of functional modernism.

It is not difficult to see why this line of thought should appeal to one whose own work is in modern education. Those of us who are working with the progressive edu-



Classrooms have lots of sunlight

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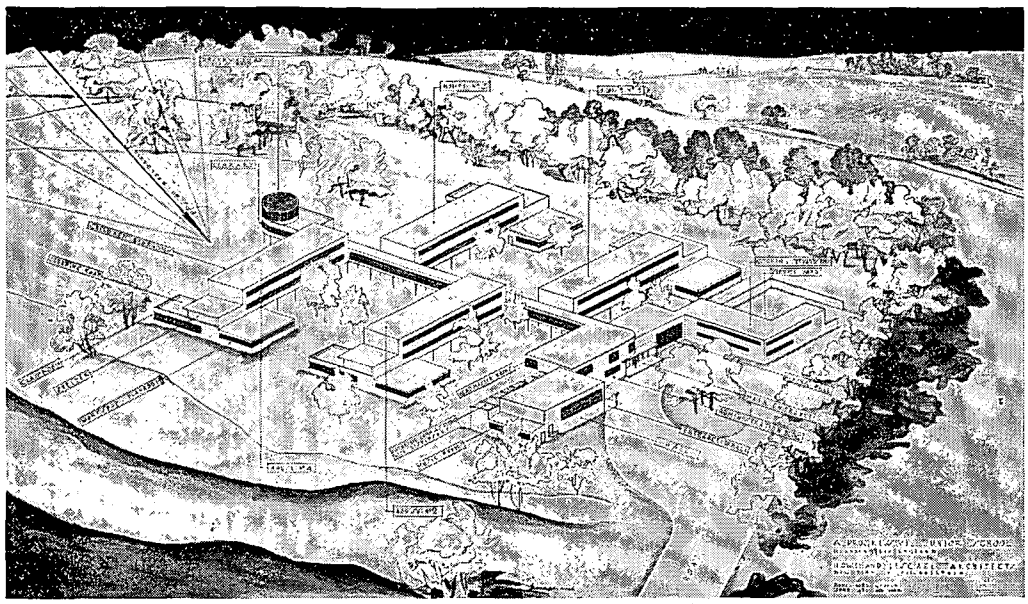
cation movement are convinced that in the conventional schools there is much that has no relationship whatever to the real needs of real children in the world in which they are living, but which survives merely through tradition and inertia. Not only is the civilization in which the children will have to live rapidly changing, but our knowledge of psychology has made immense strides and we know that if we are to do well by the children, we must be ready to discard ruthlessly methods and subjects and ideas which can no longer justify themselves, and apply freely in our schools all that can be learned from the newer knowledge of children.



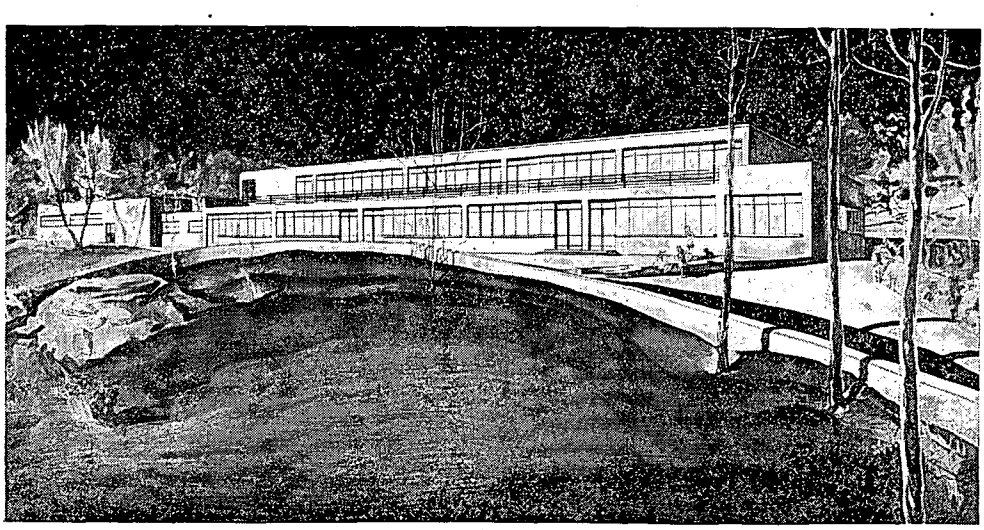
For this English school, "the four houses were placed like the branches of a tree"

There is, it will at once be seen, a strict analogy between the two points of view, and it is, I think, largely because of the formal analogy that the modern educator finds it so easy to work with the modern architect. They "speak the same language." I never found, while I was working with Mr. Lescaze, that a real school need had to be sacrificed to an architectural formula.

An explanation of the plan as ultimately designed shows at once how the principles in question were applied. We asked for two classrooms; a covered porch, on which the children could rest out of doors in moderately bad weather or when the sun was very strong; and an open sun deck, with proper drainage, on which children could play on sunny days when the ground was still sodden after much rain. It will, I think, be admitted that in nine cases out of ten, a covered porch blocks the light from some important room. By staggering the two classrooms, Mr. Lescaze very ingeniously and simply achieved the following results: the exposures of all rooms are identical, each having a large corner window, the diagonal of which faces south; the covered porch keeps light only from the cloakroom, where lack of sunlight is not important; the sun deck is fitted harmoniously into the plan by placing it above the cloakroom and covered porch, the ceiling height of which can be much less than that of the classrooms.

I should like to turn now to a proposal made by Mr. Lescaze for a much larger school building. The problem is one in which I have been interested and for which another plan had been accepted, at the time at which I discussed it with Mr. Lescaze. His own suggestion, however, offers a most interesting solution of a very difficult problem.

The proposed building was a boarding-school for a group of sixty children. It was planned to house the children in four groups of fifteen each, with a classroom and one other room (common-room, workshop, and so on) built with each house. There would be in addition, a library, an observatory, an auditorium, and a central dining-room and kitchen. The school was to be built in England where the traditional solution of such a problem would be to place the building around a quadrangle. To me too, this seemed a natural thing to do until I discussed the matter with Mr. Lescaze. The sketch he produced was a revelation of the extraordinary directness with which a modern architect approaches an architectural problem. No attempt whatever was made to adapt a traditional form to the situation. In the first place it was felt that each house ought to have a southern exposure for all the children's rooms and this fact in itself was a reason for not disposing them about a quadrangle. He, therefore, placed the four houses like branches from a tree, reaching out alternately on either side of a communicating corridor. In each house the corridor itself is on the north side and all living quarters face south. The houses are built on short columns which provide both sheltered walks between classrooms at the ends of the houses, and also opportunity for continuous enjoyment of the landscape which, near that particular site, is soft and rolling and



"The first complete school unit built along the lines of modern architecture"

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heavily planted with old trees. At the end of each house the classroom has an east, south and west exposure and the roof, which is partly sheltered, may be used as a sleeping-porch.

At the far end of the main corridor stands a library with a circular observatory on its roof. As we enter the building we find on the left the offices and an auditorium, and on the right the dining-room and kitchen quarters. As Mr. Lescaze expresses it, "Such a lay-out is a frank and truthful expression of the building. It is believed that its plastic image would be stimulating to the imagination of its occupants and an encouragement to flexibility of thought as contrasted with the stiff and institutional appearance of the traditional quadrangle."

To my mind such a design symbolizes qualities at which any sound educational system would aim, such as truthfulness, courage, freedom, adaptability and intelligence, and for this reason I agree cordially with the architect that it cannot help being a most valuable source of stimulation to those who should live in it. We are mostly timid creatures, terrified of wandering far from the beaten track. In modern architecture courage, intelligence and sensitiveness are applied to the solution of human problems and nowhere are these qualities more needed than in the field of education, both in its architecture and in its method.

THE plan of the Hessian Hills School building, designed by Howe and Lescaze, seems to me to be one of beautiful simplicity and it is, so far as I know, the first complete school unit for a modern school built along the lines of modern architecture. The school itself came into existence six years ago in Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., to meet the educational needs of two families. It now finds itself an educational institution attracting world-wide attention. When the farmhouse which housed the school after it outgrew the limits of the garage which was its first home, burned down, the Hessian Hills School Association was formed and the determination to build a new plant which would serve as a community institution was born. Searching for a building which would be adequate for the purpose of modern education and which would meet the fundamental requirement of adaptation to function, the building committee came to Howe and Lescaze as the architects of the Oak Lane Country Day School.

The teachers and building committee together worked out the physical requirements of the school, and they have found in the directness and simplicity of the final design an expression in steel, glass and concrete of what they are urging toward.

The school is in a sense a laboratory for progressive methods of education and it also serves as a community center for the parents. The pupils are boys and girls from kindergarten age to junior highschool. The new building is to accommodate 125 to 150 pupils, numbering 15 to 20 to a classroom.

The aim of the architects in designing this building has been to fulfill both physically and insofar as possible through honesty of design and construction, spiritually, the needs of the school in the most economical manner.

The general plan of the average school building in America is a factory lay-out for the inside, with the exterior a semi-traditional screen concealing this structure. The screen is sometimes interesting, but the structure is always dull.

The modern architect and the modern educator, however, approach their problems in the same way. As the educator does not aim to fit the child's development into any formal pattern, so the architect does not cramp his construction into any traditional style. The method of providing for maximum space, light, comfort, convenience, integration of various units, while omitting mere ornament is usually called functionalism. Yet functionalism forms only the basis of modern design.

The adequate solution of the material problem is not sufficient. In a school building it is necessary to provide a stimulating background for the young mind.

THE problem here involved accommodating the structure to sloping ground and this has been turned to advantage. Besides eliminating unnecessary stairs, it was desired to provide a maximum of open air and sunlight for all of the children.

The upper classrooms open on a large terrace which forms the roof of the classrooms below, which in turn open on a terrace of their own. The wide terraces are virtually part of other classrooms, since there is a row of French casement windows on that side. In the lower story are the workshops; the auditorium, music room and dressing-rooms from another wing.

The construction of the building is principally steel and concrete, and although the greatest dimension in this case is horizontal, the principle of column and beam is the same as that used in skyscrapers.

In designing this building, the architects have kept in mind the activity which is to go on within and without. School activity utilizes certain equipment which has a definite part in the picture; in the playing fields for example, goal posts, swings, tennis courts, swimming pools, diving platforms, gymnasium apparatus, laboratory equipment, whether outside or inside the building, instead of being anachronistic elements, harmonize here with the architectural form and aspect of the building. Elizabeth Moos, the director of the Hessian Hills School, has expressed her feeling of the relation between modern education and modern architecture, as follows:

"MODERN schools should be housed in modern architecture. Buildings for growing children doing vital work must be planned to meet the needs of that particular group of human beings. Standardized school buildings are an absurdity unless we wish to turn out masses of standardized individuals conforming to the norm.

"There are obvious parallels between the philosophy behind modern architecture and modern education. Modern architects and modern educators are discarding dogmas, taking nothing for granted; they are experimental and flexible.

"Neither educators nor architects, if truly modern, accept tradition unless it justifies its value for this civilization. Our children are to be fitted to take their places in this particular type of civilization; they should grow in a physical environment in harmony with it.

"We work with the child as a whole, architects with the whole building. Both must be purposeful, they must function. We both work from the inside out and are no longer satisfied with artificial facades. And above all we are both trying to let in the light."

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Peace Versus the Tin Soldier

By FARNSWORTH CROWDER

Drawings by S. Liam Dunne

"I belong to the wretched gang. We all belong to it. We are born initiated and succeeding generations clutch at the inheritance of fear and brutality without a thought, without a doubt, without compunction, in the name of God."—CONRAD.

TOY troops, made in the image of American doughboys, were lined up in trenches fortified with miniature sandbags. At a distance across the unspaded onion patch lay the enemy lines. Air craft lurked in the background. Tanks, borne on continuous rubber treads, rolled into no-man's land. Shells—clods of dry soil—streamed back and forth. Bombers, going over, released golf balls that leveled many a soldier in the dust.

"Sound healthy fun," enthused the Headmaster.

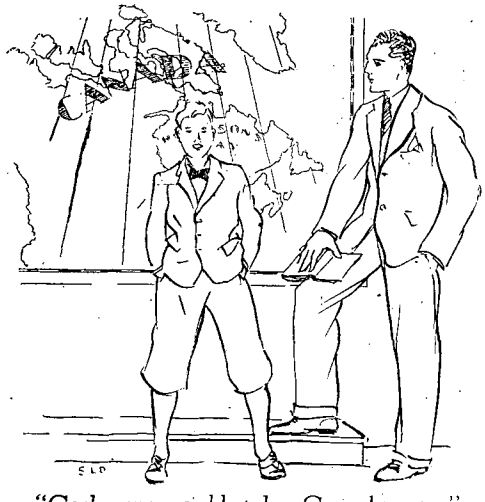
"Yes?" muttered his companion, a man who, by the grace of good luck, may live another five years in spite of what happened to him in France. "I wish to God they knew what they were doing."

An hour later, the boys were in the school rooms. An instructor was pointing out to a geography class some of the facts about Canada's surpassing size, her great resources, her splendid achievements—and her comparatively sparse population.

"Sir, why don't we invade Canada? Gosh, United States could take Canada easy."

"And then Mexico," piped another imperialistic young voice. "Mexico would be soup. A bunch of bombers could sneak down there at night, blow everything up and be back for breakfast, and then we could send General Pershing to see if any greasers was left alive, and if there was, why make 'em surrender. It sure would be soup."

Before the enthusiastic conqueror stopped, the fever had spread; boys were peering over the arms of their chairs, releasing bombs on Mexican villages or sighting machine guns and rattling off — *Putta, putta, putta, putta—!*



"Gosh, we could take Canada easy"

A history instructor was reading a dramatic account of the tribulations of ancient Greece. The Phoenecians and Persians were pressing hard upon the frontiers. Greece was building her remarkable navy to resist her sea-roving enemies. The boys in his class became oarsmen; they rocked back and forth in their chairs; their ship was bearing down on a pirate of the Aegean. Crash! The oarsmen were out of their seats, laying viciously about the pirate crew. . . . Persia moves on Greece, Darius is threatening Athens and Sparta. His messenger, sent to warn Sparta, is thrown down a well, with the cry, "Take earth and water from there!" A boy, who listens with popping eyes, rises mightily as he lifts and pitches a body into the throat of the well. . . . The summer of 490 B. C. Twenty thousand Persians overspread the plain of Marathon. Half that many Athenians close in to avoid Persian arrows and smash the invaders back to their ships. Every boy who listens is a Greek at Marathon, and when they hear, "So the Persians sailed home again," there is applause and a concerted whoop.

A few days later, the *Times* announced: "City to be Bombed by Army Air Force Tonight." The Academy boiled with excitement. Instructors on duty that evening felt as if they were sitting on a powder magazine in a thunder storm. The usual Friday night movie was shown in the gymnasium to an unheeding audience. The film had to be stopped, the boys turned out. They went rioting to the grounds to watch the bright maneuvers in the sky. The turbulence persisted; the following week was the most disorderly of the year. The stir of battle was in the veins of three hundred boys. Rock, gravel, seed-pod and clod fights broke out; ankles and arms got twisted, noses bloodied, heads bruised; fisticuffers were operating around corners and behind dormitories.

It was a trifle frightening, though no one was seriously alarmed. We were seeing a natural manifestation of vital boyish spirit. The sport of dividing into gang armies, the Blues and Reds, in imitation of the air forces, and engaging in escape-and-pursuit and in rough and tumble combat continued for a couple of weeks, to be followed by a long period of tin-soldier warfare.

Ernest Thompson Seton in his story, Two Little Savages, escaped the full implications of his title; but the title stands as a good one, only another book needs to be written under it. Bertrand Russell has made much of boy cruelty—torturing animals and playmates. A recent sport among boys at the Academy was capturing ladybugs and burning them with sun glasses to see them writhe.

Boys at table are greedy; they squabble over an extra dessert, grab the last piece of bread from under your nose, bear a grudge against the fellow who snatches a larger slice of cake. They are quarrelsome and self-centered in play; they contest referee decisions; they will "burn up" a team mate who makes a bad move; in an air of righteous wrath, they will find an excuse to quit a game that is going against them. Few imposed codes are more contrary to boy nature than that of sportsmanship.

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Adventure, to satisfy a boy, must be physical, in three dimensions, active, preferably violent. When Wild Bill, a popular character in Boys' Life stories, asks the scouts around his camp fire what kind of a yarn they want, the answer is: "Make it something war-like, please. I like Indian fights." Youthful admiration, which can warm, to the point of blind adoration, goes first to the fighter and then to the athlete.

Boys are loquacious and riotous, yell for the devil of it, slam doors, beat on the floor, knock over furniture. They are dishonest, vindictive and stingy. They interrupt, eavesdrop and spy. "When measured by adult standards," someone has said, "children are quite mad."

Boys are natural gangsters. Adult gangsters are men whose minds were mired back in childhood; the two are psychologically of a piece. Boys can tell us more about the secrets of the character of the gangster, the criminal, the hoodlum and the fighter than can those gentlemen themselves, because, in boyhood, there is a thinner sheathing of adult hypocrisy, social grace and inhibitions.

It is commonly maintained that all crime and violence is anachronistic behavior. From the point of view of society, this is true. But a revealing truth is exactly the reverse. From the point of view of the natural child, it is social behavior, or socially-approved behavior, that is anachronistic. To destroy, to steal, to adventure, to win, to stand by the pack—that is Right. Teachers, parents, policemen represent the Wrong, the "illegal"; it is only by a long and painful process of nurture and education that the child is persuaded to accept anything else, and then, even as an adult, he only half-believes what he has been told and is already repeating solemnly to his own children. These walls of morality with which we seek to protect ourselves from ourselves are shaky structures; on the silliest pretexts we let the walls go down and range in carnage and rapine over glorious battlefields. War, in its final analysis, is an assertion of the fundamental rights and hungers of the little Boy Blues and their pretty tin soldiers; it is a gladsome return to the youth of the world.

These are hard things to say about our children. They are so much loved by parents and misunderstood by teachers and romanticized over by adults in general, that the stature and nature of them is all fogged. We do not like to hear that our childen "are animals and have a very ancient and ramified culture, the same in kind as fishes, cats and snakes, but more complicated and vivid." The idea that the "natural man" is essentially good can be held only by people who have never seen a boy hammer a cat's tail, who have not seen the Rats of 46th Place charge the Stoneward Gang, or the Academy cadets fall on a comrade opening a box from home.

By one means and another, we seek to cool and correct the impulsive demands that animate the young animal. We lay the hand of fear on him; we speak of "character"; we attempt, often with ironic results, to make him believe that the sweetest rewards in the world square with "good" behavior. The degree to which the process is successful varies, of course, very widely. Our own sublime inconsistencies defeat us. For instance, we curb the boys who fight for just cause on the playground and then turn out by the thousands to see prize fighters bashing each other over the heart. We condemn them for gang violence and then go off to a football game or an underworld movie, or, better still, take them along.

Recently I stopped a raw encounter between two boys, one of whom had gone into it for a splendid reason. He commented keenly on my interference: "Yeah, and it was you telling us what a smart fighter Tunney is. Maybe I'm just as smart. Can't cha give a guy a chanct? And I ain't fightin' for money; I'm fightin' for a ideal."

"I'm fighting for a ideal"

Another boy came to my room once with a shirt stuffed full of raisin cookies. I won a confession that he had taken them from the quarters of another boy whom he had made "take licks" in a scramble behind the gymnasium. The cookies he defined as "spoils of war." He said: "It was you, Sir, was telling how we took the Leviathan away from the Germans after lickin' um. What's the diff?"

The atmosphere of the whole kingdom of moral education is one of this kind of confusion; we seek to cloak inconsistencies and contradictions. Most of us don't even see them. Seriously and confidently, the teachers and guides of youth among us labor to persuade the young idea that discipline, restraint and the golden rule are the means to wealth, happiness and heaven. But a worldly, extra-curricular classroom, closer to the reality of things, has a contradictory code—the code of the fighter, the schemer, the gangster, the soldier, the boy. It is the code to which most of us, under stress of propaganda, hysteria and idealism, will return and return thankfully and with relief. To fight, plunder, to pursue and escape, to believe in symbols, banners and ideals, to "play the game," to get dirty, camp out, wrestle the elements—we like that. It may be painful, but still we like it. The rules and the dynamics of violence are given to supporting a whole code of noble standards and healthy prohibitions for the human man; but in spite of ourselves, we catch our left hand straying away to fiddle with a knife edge or a rifle trigger.

THE steady propaganda of Violence and the Code comes from many sources. The motion pictures do their bit; the morals of the average movie film are those of the code. A "western" at the Academy brings out finger-on-the-trigger gunmen for days thereafter. Aviation and war films are like food to starving Chinese. Such magazines as War Stories, Aces and Battle Stories circulate until they are worn out. An examination of the fiction in eight recent copies of two of the leading boys' magazines resulted in this count: war stories, 9; aviation, 6; sport, 6; war serials, 4; other type serials, 3. Animal, sea, western and comic stories followed in the order named.

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A group of boys who had witnessed Journey's End, on the stage or on the screen, were discussing the play. They had been impressed by the sound of battle, the whistling of great projectiles, the taka-taka of machine guns. "Boy, wasn't it spooky at the end where the dug-out caved in!" "Yeh, and the way the candle went out, slow-like! Sure keen!" They had been fascinated; no doubts had been aroused in their minds; war was wonderful!

A copy of All Quiet on the Western Front traveled from hand to hand among eighth-grade boys. Yes, they admitted, it sure was disgusting and grim and nasty. But what they admitted issued from their lips; what they really felt—the lure, the flame of daring—that was in their faces. When the call for enlistments goes out again, those lads will not hesitate a moment because they read All Quiet, or saw Journey's End and What Price Glory.

To the youngest generation, the World War is as remote as the Spanish War was to me. Already children are sitting at father's or grandfather's knee, hearing him boast how he went A.W.O.L. and the Captain never found it out; how he licked an M.P. who got funny; how he laid 'em low in Belleau Wood. The folk-lore of battle heroism begins all over again. Books and magazines print it; organizations of ex-soldiers exist to keep it alive.

The new generations cannot know, even from the most vivid representations, what the blood and strain and monotony of modern combat are, any more than one can know what gall stones feel like without having some. They simply cannot realize, even if they go and stand in Flanders fields between the crosses row on row. Instead of realizing, boys dip rags in red ink, bandage their limbs and go out to play with their tin soldiers.

To say to a crowd of youngsters that ten million men lost their lives is to present them with the figure 1, followed by seven ciphers, mounted in a perfectly glorious cloud of gun smoke, studded with bursting shells.

I find that boys (when honest) have very few illusions about international amity; they are as doubtful as Hiram Johnson, as suspicious as The Los Angeles Times. They do not trust Germany; they believe the worst about Russia; they are glad when somebody at Washington comes out for exclusion of Mexicans; they think every Oriental is about to lure them into the drug habit. They are worried because our army is so small. They are alarmed when the London Conference threatens the submarine. "Aw, what's the matter with subs? They're swell. Look how you can sneak up on a ship and ram it in the belly or pop it off with a torpedo. Man!"

Boys seem to understand that the next war will be a battle of machines, a pushing of buttons, a throwing of switches and levers, a handling of steering wheels and "sticks." The various popular science magazines report inventions and improvements in engines of war. Magazines carry fiction accounts of the wonders of conflicts of the future. No—boys are not fooled about Peace; perhaps because—in their young subconscious, which is close to the race mind—they know themselves so well and thereby know the future.

And what answer is there?

We can trust that the mysteries of puberty and the influence of women will continue to aid in subduing the warrior and revising the Code. Society will go ahead putting impulses to sleep under disciplines, inhibitions and standards. It is encouraging perhaps that nations are going into leagues and courts and are beginning to confer together on the reduction of armaments. But war is made by man; to look only at the agents of destruction is like seizing and examining the revolver and allowing the murderer to get away. Commendable and absurb.

IT ought to be clear in these psycho-conscious times that, while a man learns to discipline himself, blunt resistence is a mistake. We cannot destroy the cumulated savage ancestry of man; not yet. We must not destroy the tin soldier; we must keep him, but try to keep him tin. We must not make boys fight less, but allow them, if anything to fight more; and meantime find other things to challenge their energies. Why not more football, more races, more games, more hobbies, more safety valves? We should rejoice in anything, short of destruction, which serves to break up the dull patterns of so many drab lives—more hazard, gayety, travel, chance, change and creation; more science, scholarship, art, music and dancing, jazz and conversation—whatever, in a life of peace, can make existence zestful and render war physically unnecessary!

If war is to be exposed to the young boy as an evil, it will not be by feeding him or by denying him accounts of war and its horrors and stupid monotonies; nor by piously and loudly ranting against war. It is better to expose the economic, social and political motivations of nations, soldiers and statesmen. Boys are quick to condemn hypocrisy and deception. It is better to unmask propaganda and narrow militant patriotism and hot-air ideals. It is better to put the youth on his guard against mob hysteria; no boy wants to be made a dupe of, if he knows it. It is better to show him the futilities of conflict, rather than the blood, for the blood only fascinates him. There is much hope in these directions; I have tried them.

If ever there is to be the peace so much dreamed of, we must look behind the Admirals and the Armies and the Machines of war to the small boy with a wooden sword. When a Conference is called to discuss tin soldiers, we can take great heart.

Behind Admirals and Armies a small boy with a wooden sword

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Points of View

By ALDEN HEWITT

MISS ERFORD smoothed her bright blue and red print ruffles and settled the dangling beads complacently around her neck. She had learned in her training-school days how necessary it was to wear color in the school room. She always wore quite a lot of red—though blue, "Alice" blue—brought out the color of her eyes. It was always nice when she could find the two colors together as she had in this tasty print. Cheeriness was her motto, and never for one moment did it fail to show in her garments as well as in her rather strident voice.

She patted the leafless geranium blooms that she had brought with her to the school, into a flaming mound in the green vase on her table, and glanced about her school room. "Flowers and pictures make a happy environment." On all the many window panes, paper blue birds, "blue birds for happiness, children," alternated with yellow paper flowers supported on rigid stems flanked on either side by arsenic green leaves, the whole supposedly growing from pots, that reflected, slightly off shade, the color of the geraniums on the desk. Miss Erford had fairly risked her neck on the janitor's tall step ladder to get the top daisies pasted into position.

But now that they were up, the effect was very nice indeed. And the room *was* nice and cheerful, too. She'd been able to do quite a lot with it. Fortunately she had a flare for the artistic. And it was neat. Her reputation as a pedagogical housekeeper was well established. She always had a nice blackboard border. The space beneath was completely and uniformly black, except where its dark surface was broken by the impeccable Locker system hand writing with which Miss Erford posted her assignments.

NO work left from yesterday intruded itself on *her* today's program. "Finish your work, children. Never carry over work till tomorrow. No indeed, Mary. I'm surprised. Here's Mary, children, wanting to know if she can't save her work till tomorrow, to add to it. What shall we tell her? That's right. 'Every day is a fresh beginning.' Mary hasn't been here very long, has she, or she'd know our motto." (Miss Erford was always careful to make both t's sound in motto. Children had the right to expect their teachers to enunciate clearly. Her r's and s's were always unmistakable absolutes.) "No, Mary, you don't *have* to stay to finish your work. Miss Erford never makes any one stay. Oh, of course if it isn't complete, Miss Erford could not credit it. No, indeed. Could she children?"

Life was looking particularly roseate to Miss Erford this morning. Yesterday she had reported at a sectional meeting of teachers and supervisors a project, that had, in the warm words of supervisory commendation, "been a real challenge," "a truly purposeful activity." Miss Erford smiled to herself as she lifted a copy of her report from her folio. Every step of the activity, every word dropped by the way, as she had heard it, had been recorded. It had meant hours of writing up and typing. She glanced with pride at the opening paragraph.

"Two of my children come from a foreign home. Both the boy and the girl have been sick at various times, during the school term. After a visit to the home, which I found painfully unkempt and dirty—I put the class on the job. We discussed standards of homemaking and homekeeping. I talked to Mr. Fernandez and asked him if I might bring the class out to visit his place and to help him improve it. I explained our objective, thoroughly. He was heartily in sympathy with our plans and assured us that we might use the place as if it were our own. We went several times. Following is a detailed report of the group discussions and the way we developed the unit of work." And she knew that at the end of the fifteen-page report stood the words, "There has been complete cooperation and thorough appreciation on the part of the family." Cooperation! Appreciation! Too much. The woman had actually tried to feed them.

The paper had met with much approval. Except for that primary supervisor. "Danger of inferiority complex in the family" indeed! Miss Erford remembered her own supervisor's championing statement: "According to the scientific viewpoint, Miss J . . ., the opinion of the majority is of more value than that of the individual. I think I am right in saying that in the opinion of this meeting, Miss Erford's work is the outstanding lesson report of this convention, and as such should be forwarded to the University. All those in favor?"

She recalled with distaste that a few seemed influenced by the doubter; but the majority had been enthusiastically in accord. A copy of her report was now on its way to the University committee, bearing on its neat cover the words, "Best Lesson Procedure." Later it would be used as a standard for other teachers, by which to gauge work. Miss Erford arranged her five dollar permanent (why pay more?), looked again at her report, and leaned over to read the verse of Edgar Guest which she kept pinned to the cover of her folio, "as a little morning thought."

JUAN BAUTISTA FERNANDEZ sat on his steps and propped his chin into his cupped palms. His dark eyes roamed over the landscape with a half dazed expression. For a week he had not known his own *casa*. Indeed, he scarcely knew it now. What was it the strange *Americano* teacher had said to him when she first came to see him? So many words, "like bullets" Juan Bautista had thought as he listened. But she had said something about "visiting," "coming to see you," "bringing the little ones." Yes, yes—Manuela had been lonely in this so strange a country. He had expanded at the thought of neighborliness. He had been courteous. "Si, señora, all thy little ones—the house and all that is in it is yours."

Juan Bautista had been rather proud of his home. "Justa lak *Americano*," he had said to Emanuela when they had

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moved into the place. The *Americano* who owned it had let them have it at a cheap rent. It was not far from the school. The children would learn to speak fine English.

But sickness had come; there was little sun in this country as compared with Mexico. The kitchen waste that had dried so well in the yard in his own land lay wet and smelling for months in this queer country. Manuela was lonely. *Americanos* were so busy. No neighbors had called. There had been no music from other *casas*: no gay *bailis* where every one went whirling about to the music of the mandolin's tinkle.

Then the señora with hair scalloped like the summer squash had come. But did she recognize no *costumbre?* Was it then in this America, that phrases of politeness were unknown? "My house is yours;" truly he had meant it—to welcome her and hers. But for her to change, to adjust, to destroy his property? Yet when Manuela had made a *refresco* of lemons, the scarce white sugar and their own pump water, to offer to the busy mob, had it not been taken out of her hands and set aside by this same señora who seemed to be everywhere? She would not even allow his own Juanito a sip. Did not American children drink, then?

Drawing by Paul Busch

And the refresco of lemons was curtly refused

No one in the homeland would have refused to accept refreshment from their hostess. Not the veriest babes there lacked so much the *afabilidad*. Juan's eyes darkened again, and his hand moved half unconsciously toward his left armpit. The pump was padlocked now. He must travel some distance for water. Why had not the *Americano* from whom he had rented the place told him that the water would be free but for six months? The steps on which he sat were mended. Two of the boys had done that the other day, but they would not let Juanito even hold the nails.

The pigsty had been cleaned. Men had come at the señora's bidding and done this. But the lordly young *Americanos* had paid the men. In Lucia's sight they had degraded her father by paying for work done on his hacienda—and they guests of his house. Three Americano girls had washed dishes in Manuela's kitchen. But they would not drink the *refresco*. His jaw settled into more stubborn lines.

A Ford rattled into the newly cleaned door yard. A cheerful American voice shouted greeting. Juan Bautista stood up glowering. "Go-to-'ell," he growled, and with the curious movement of right hand toward left armpit, he stumbled into the house, banging the door after him.

"Those damn Mexicans," exclaimed another American voice. "Got the manners of pigs. Ought to be run out of the country."

FOR five days little Lucia had been almost invisible. After that first morning, when she had stood smiling beside her mother in the doorway, to welcome the class, she had slid about like a shadow, with no word for any one. Now, on this morning, as she started toward the door on her way to school, she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. Manuela gathered her to her substantial bosom and crooned over the sobbing child. Lucia threw back her head and screamed into her mother's face. "Typhoid Luce, they-a call me, thos-a boys. That so beautiful Elsa, she say 'so-o dir-r-ty.' Never can I spik-a in the school no more."

Juanito faced his father: "No, I weel not do as you say. . . Who you theenk you are? Big bum! My-a ticher and all-a the children see how beeg bum you are. Thees-a place—they make clean. You know nawthing. I weel go to the town as I plees. I am Americano."

Local paper: "A fine piece of community work has been done through the instigation of one of our most progressive teachers—Miss Erford. To Miss Erford should go the community's thanks for the hygiene project she has developed with her sixth-grade group, in cleaning up and making sanitary the home of one of our Mexican families. The children's participation has been remarkably important. From it they have learned many lessons in practical sanitation, in a real life situation."

Friend, to primary supervisor: "Oh, for pity's sake, Mary, stop kicking against the pricks. She's been offered an awfully good position on the strength of that hygiene project. You bet I'm going to try that kind of thing next year. Well, what if Lucia did fail, and Juan is up in the juvenile court? That hasn't anything to do with the fact that it was a grand activity."

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Connecticut Bends the Twig

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

"WHEN you look at a child," says a character in a recent novel, "you never can believe he will grow up to disappoint you." And the saddest part of such a disappointment is that as the parent or as a member of the community, you and not the child, are to blame for his failure. If with all the new and costly gadgets that we have acquired for the education of our young, we should find we were educating the bandits and bootleggers of the future, it would be a bitter blow. Yet if we are to avoid it, we must be watchful of certain indications that are not far to seek.

In the weekly newspaper of a pleasant New England town which prides itself on its educational facilities and the wholesome environment that it provides for its children, I read items far less lurid than those in the city tabloids but, I often feel, more portentious.

BOYS WHO STOLE GOODIES ARE KNOWN. Another break has been reported at the Bedford Junior High School Cafeteria. Someone entered the building Monday night and stole soda and ice cream and in addition damaged some appliances. The authorities feel certain it is the work of boys who are familiar with the school and the cafeteria.

YOUTHS BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR HENHOUSE FIRE. Boys anxious to hear the clanging of fire engines are thought to have been responsible for a fire which destroyed a hen house. A pail of inflammible liquid was found in the building after the flames had been extinguished.

YOUTH GETS SUSPENDED JAIL TERM FOR HORN THEFT. The boy plead in his defense that he did not take the horn from a car but found it beside the car. The prosecutor made him admit that he knew where the horn belonged but took it just the same.

BIKE STOLEN. This is the second bicycle that has been stolen during the past week.

SIX BOYS ROB A YOUNG LAD OF A DOLLAR. The police are investigating a complaint of a local young lad who was robbed of a dollar by a gang of six boys ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years. The boys concerned have already established a very detrimental record with the police. The gang was rounded up by Officer Jones.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PRESENTS PROBLEM TO LOCAL OFFICIALS. A twelve-year-old boy was taken in yesterday by the authorities on a third offense for stealing and he will be tried in a special session of the Juvenile Court on Thursday morning. This boy was first arrested for stealing money. Then he stole a bicycle and has been on probation since last January. His period would have been up on Friday but the urge to steal again prompted him and he helped himself to some golf balls at the Country Club.

IF these were rare or startling incidents they might soon be forgotten by all save the owners of the bicycles and the boys. But the frequency of such reports and the certain knowledge of many occurrences which never get into the papers arouses a suspicion that it takes more than modern school buildings to educate modern youth. A respectable and prosperous community may do much through taxation and philanthropy to set the stage for the training of its young and still not be proof against the failures. The whole country has witnessed the seeming paradox of a mounting bill of education, increasingly elaborate school machinery, and a heavier and heavier burden of juvenile delinquency and crime. In the face of the enormous strain which modern America has put on ethical concepts and spiritual values, the schools have been concerned in the main with what Dr. Briggs called at a recent educational conference, "the fetish of the physical."

It does not require research by distinguished scholars, perhaps, to recognize that the heart of the educational task is actually the development of character. Indeed it has been tacitly assumed all along that this was somehow being achieved without special consideration. But when the astounding discrepancy between our school machinery and its effect on character is frankly faced, a task is presented for the best thought in the educational field.

IN the last few years certain personalities and certain educational foundations have emerged conspicuously in this field,—the Character Education Institute at Iowa University from which came Dr. Frank Shuttleworth to work with Dr. Mark A. May in the Graduate School of Education at Yale,—Dr. Percival Symonds of Columbia and others. Research which attempts to get at the root of the forces that develop character has been undertaken in several centers, and experiments which focus on the problem of expert guidance are underway.

One of these experiments is at Norwalk, Connecticut, where the newly established Bureau of Character Education Research of the Connecticut State Board has had the supervision of the Yale School of Education in making the Norwalk schools a laboratory for some of its studies. Norwalk was chosen partly because of its relative nearness to Yale so that close guidance and cooperation could be easily maintained, and partly because it was not a large city nor yet a distinctly rural community but shared some of the problems of each. It contained representatives of most of the typical agencies devoted to Child Welfare and had in its superintendent of schools, John Lund, an educator who was in sympathy with the experiment Yale was initiating and well qualified to aid in its application and development.

Two major lines of attack on the problem were laid out. One was to educate the teaching force on the technical aspects and the principles of character training. The other was to provide community education which should give the schools the necessary cooperation.

For the schools setting themselves to build character must deal with children whose character has already been shaped by the community outlook and example. To struggle single-handed against outside influences would be a difficult task. But the Yale studies have pointed out several ways of strengthening the school's power.

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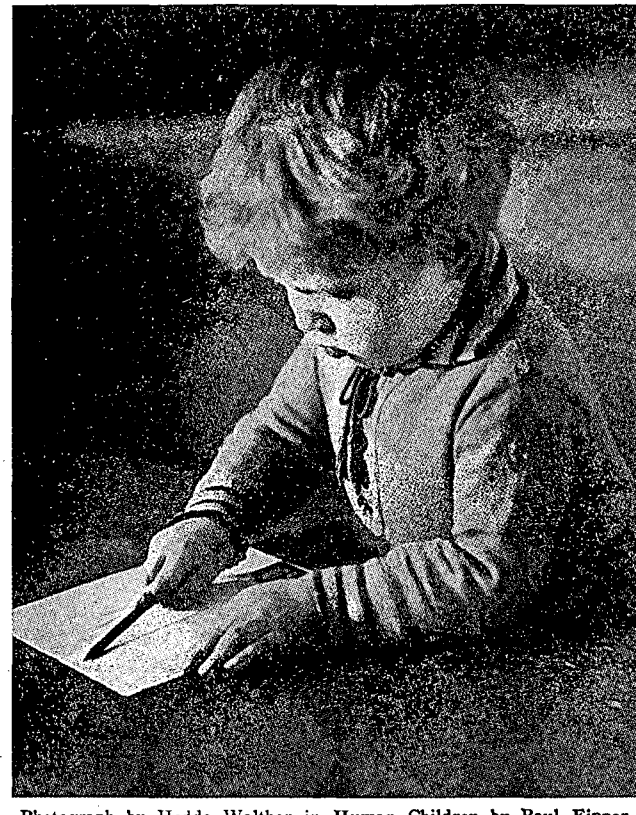
One is by coordinating the aim within the departments of the school so that the emphasis on character which has appeared sporadically shall be a major preoccupation for all teachers in all parts of the educational scheme. Not that the subject shall loom large in classroom discussion: no one ever achieved character by talking about it. But the activities and inter-relations of a child's life at school should consistently exercise him in right paterns of life so that the things he does every day rather than the things he is told shall predispose him to fine living.

Another avenue of strength for the school is to ally itself with other agencies that touch children at different points. In Norwalk, a Child Welfare Council was formed including the public and private organizations that dealt with children—the departments of health and charities, the county commissioners, the various religious societies, the Scouts and other recreational groups, the Parent-Teachers Association and the League of Women Voters. This Child Welfare Council has carried on a course in character education in its relation to the home, the school, the church, and the community. The course was given by Ruth White Colton, the director of the Bureau of Character Education, and was so largely attended that it had to meet in several sections.

The courses for the teachers in the technique of using school work as a means for building character were under the direct leadership of the authorities carrying forward the Yale studies. Ninety-five per cent of the teachers in the Norwalk schools enrolled voluntarily for this work and paid to take the courses. A part of the work was to map out for each teacher's department plans that called for informal and indirect methods of giving in the daily work such experiences as lead to desirable character development by the force of repeated activities.



Photograph by Hedda Walther in Human Children by Paul Eipper. Viking Press

"When you look at a child you never can believe he will grow up to disappoint you"

For the last two years these plans have been carried into action under the teachers that initiated them. Here and there one of them is of special interest and originality. Most of them are, taken by themselves, the sort of cooperative projects that good school systems have always provided to evoke responsibility, perseverance, tolerance, the ability to follow leadership and to assume it when necessary. Such was an art project in which a club made complete sets of folders for the use of the lower grade teachers and arranged exhibitions in the dreary lower halls of the school house so that an attractive miniature gallery was ready to welcome both pupils and visitors. They landscaped and planted the school grounds connecting this activity with nature study and with the literature of nature under a teacher who distinctly conceived the work as promoting "reverence, an appreciation of beauty, neatness and thoroughness."

Another undertaking was the equipping of a fourth, fifth and sixth grade reading-room. Three elementary school classes, working through children's committees, collected and made furnishings, brought together a library of books and magazines and supervised the use of the room as a center for interesting leisure-time activities that furnished the incentive for completing the regular classroom tasks. Hospitality was extended to other classes and to parents with the little room as a gathering place. Visits were made and entertainment given and received there with a sense of ownership and understanding of the value of property more keen because of the effort that had been made by the children themselves. Since one of the most often-listed character problems is a lack of respect for property, this was a signal opportunity to combat that feeling, prevalent especially in public schools as in other public places, that what "somebody-else" pays for is not ours to conserve and cherish.

One group of boys who had marred their desks were asked to bring materials from home and sandpaper and varnish the desks during the workshop period. They responded with great interest but found the task long and tiring, —a genuine "lesson" in the high cost of heedlessness.

Several of the activities brought into play civic interests and the pleasure of being part of a larger world than that centered on oneself. One class made its dramatic and literary work a means of entertaining the residents in the Home for the Aged; and a manual-training class planned the Christmas celebration for the crippled children and made the gifts in their own shop.

In the high school years, the opportunities grew with the children. An experiment in critical thinking gave fresh impetus to the whole undertaking. A hundred students of American history were divided into an experimental group of seventy and a control group of thirty and given tests for the purpose of gauging the individual student's reaction to propaganda material on international subjects. Next the experimental group studied nine pamphlets on methods of propagandists in peace time and in war time. The control group studied a book on world peace. Following this study the two groups repeated the previous tests. "The results showed that the experimental group had gained insight into the real motives of men and that they were inclined to be more tolerant in their views. Such a study clearly indicated that pupils can be taught to think in a critical manner when they have the facts on both sides of a given question."

A senior English class studied Galsworthy's story of The Pack and made it a test of their own crowd psychology in a series of discussions in which (*Continued on page* 535)

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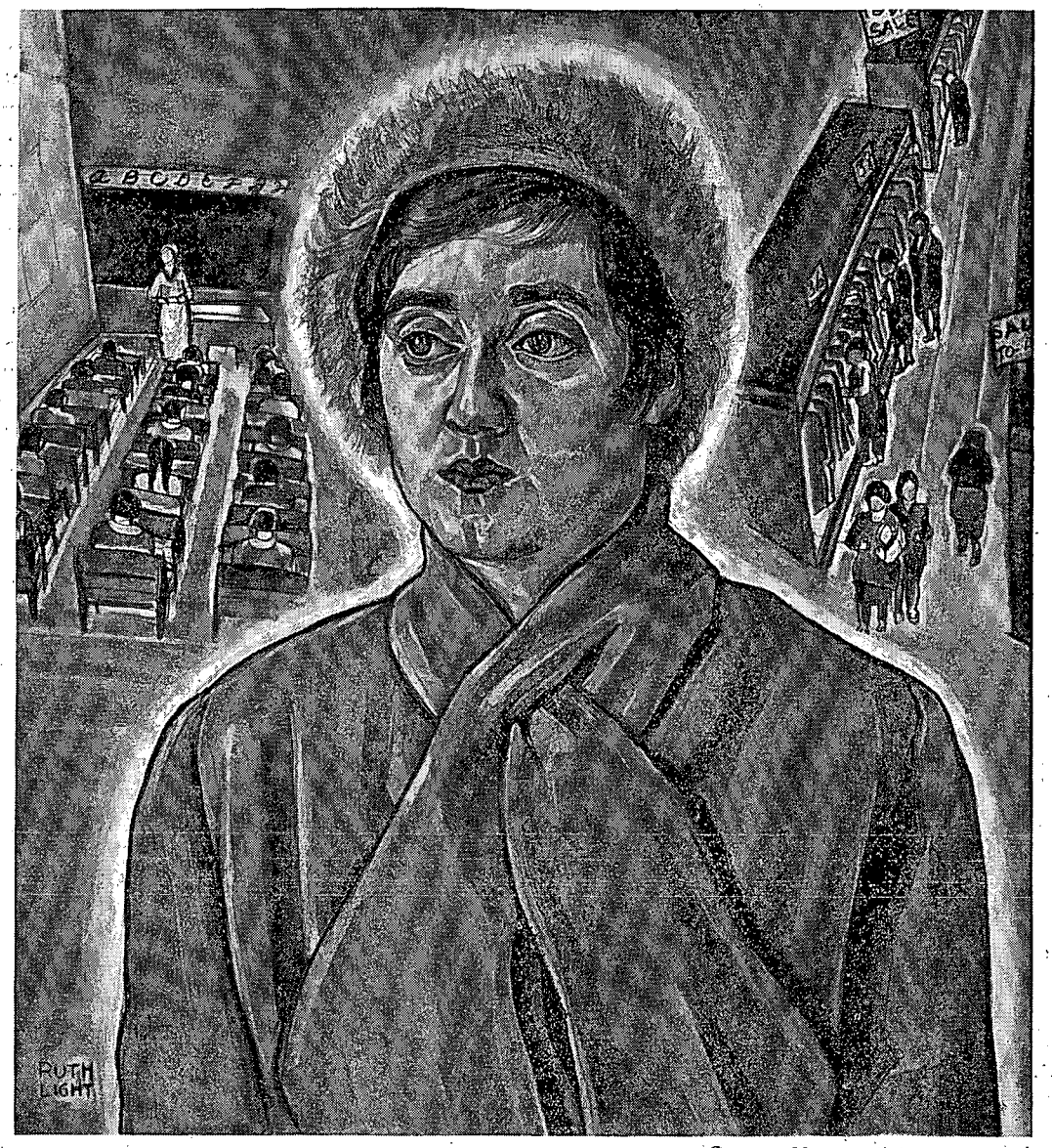

Courtesy Montross Gallery, New York

THE SCHOOL TEACHER

THE GREAT-AUNT

Backgrounds

Crayon Portraits by

RUTH LIGHT

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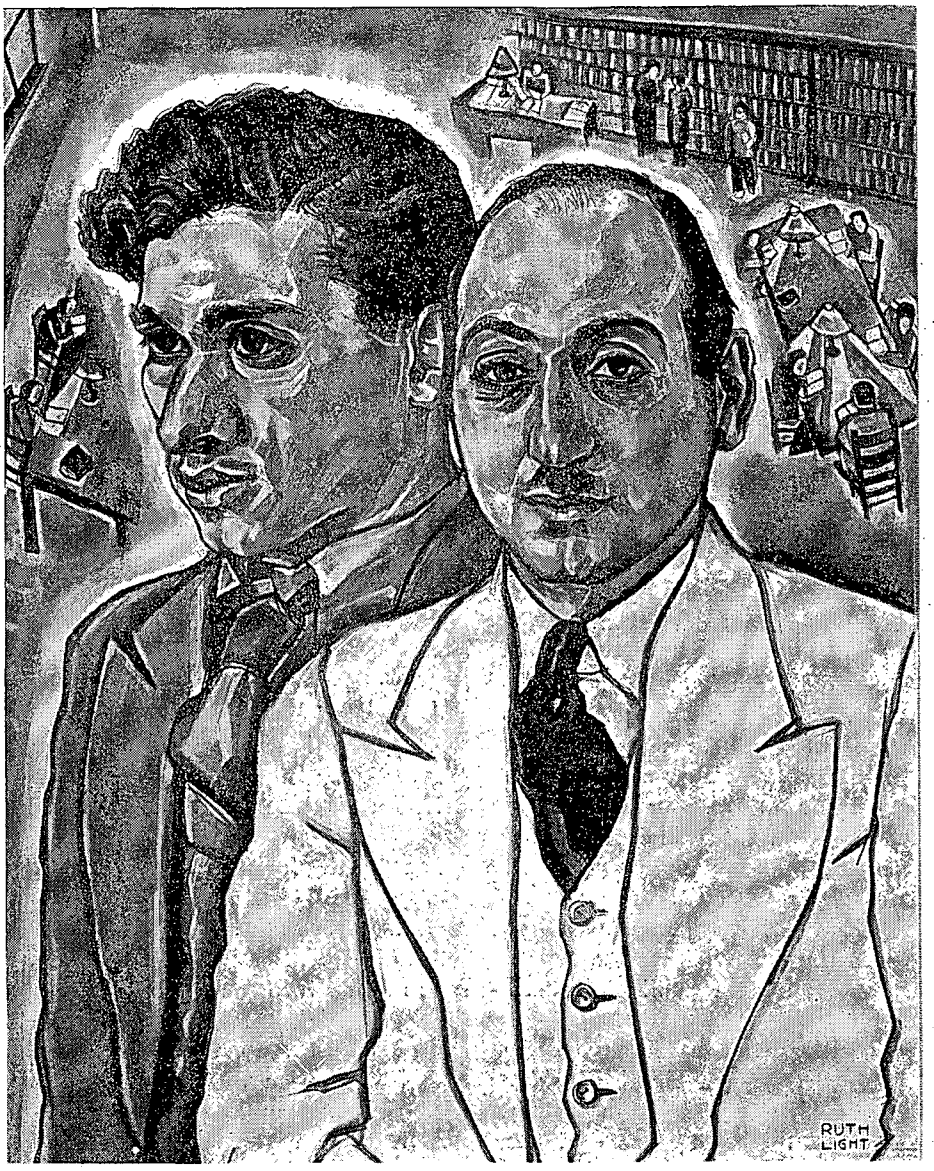
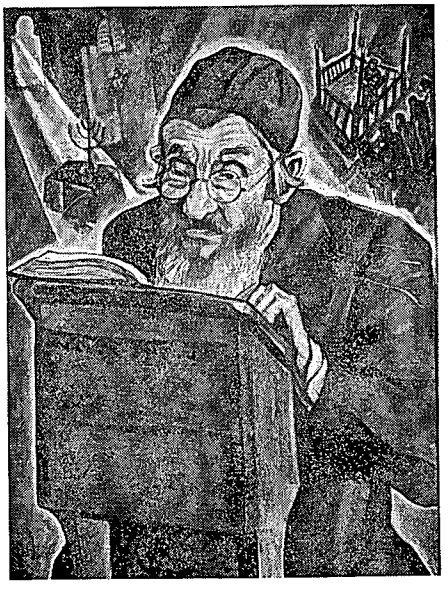


STUDENTS

THERE is a difference of centuries in the backgrounds of these generations: Great-aunt, muttering, while she was being sketched, of a pogrom more vivid to her than the present—and the Teacher, product of city schools, buying her bargains and finding her folk-tales at Klein's; the Talmudist rocking over his limited reading—and the Students, who swarm the public libraries. Ruth Light, an artist in her early twenties, showing promise at Cooper Union, later developing under Winold Reiss, found herself, one day about a year ago, filled with the urge to make a record of the people from whom she comes. She wandered from New York's East Side to the Bronx, finding her subjects among the orthodox who had to be won over to a violation of that commandment against graven image, and among her friends. Dozens of portraits resulted and met with approval recently at an exhibit at the Montross Gallery. Meanwhile her mission had expanded. Palestine offered her the kaleidoscope of the whole Diaspora. She has now gone to record the people who are spending themselves to make a spiritual background into a working reality. — F. L. K.



THE TALMUDIST

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We Pay for the Smiths

By CARL R. ROGERS and MITCHELL E. RAPPAPORT

"DEAR Miss Clansy you havent got eny rubber there that will fit the children 12½ 8½ 7½ Miss Clansy you dont have enny ladys clothes so I am going to tell you I havent a thing only what I have on I am to go to the Hospital to morning I cant go I have nouthing to wear no underwear or Petcoats I am so discarige I dont what to do the shape I am in I have to worrie all the time the poor little baby havent got a dress or enithing to wear Mr Smith hasent got enny work I am most crazy Your truly, Mrs. Smith

"Miss Clancy will you send me some soap I got to wash something out for the children I havent got 5 cents to get enny."

At first reading, this letter might not impress one as that of an important character, but when one knows that since 1914 the community has spent more than twenty-eight thousand dollars on this humble letter writer and her family, one begins to realize Mrs. Smith's importance. This twenty-eight thousand dollars is but a beginning. Before the last child becomes sixteen, the community is already obligated to spend at least twenty thousand dollars more. The cost of these children beyond the age of sixteen is a prospect too staggering even for calculation. Perhaps a kindly and deadly epidemic—but no, the public health authorities will prevent that!

It is a sobering and instructive exercise to consider the case of the Smiths. In 1907 Raymond Smith, a shiftless young painter with an amiable disposition, met Daisy Schuyler, the frowsy heroine of this tale. Raymond had previously lived with a young woman whose family was known as "the dirty Dentons," but when she left him to take up residence with a Brooklyn Negro, he was well pleased to accept Daisy as a substitute partner. Although neither Raymond nor Daisy was heavily encumbered with this world's goods, each brought a memento of previous liaisons. Raymond had a daughter named Grace, and Daisy brought with her three-year-old Gladys, fathered by Daisy's alleged husband, now deceased. Other children were not slow in coming and by 1912, when they moved to Rochester, Raymond Jr., Steven, and Nora had been added to the family line. Up to this time the family was self-sustaining.

It was in the winter of 1912 and '13 that the Smiths came to Rochester. It was a hard winter for the group. There were frequent moves to dodge the rent while Mr. Smith kept up a futile search for work. In February a neighbor requested help for the family, and a church worker went to the home. The worker pictured Mrs. Smith as a well-meaning, industrious woman, too proud to take the milk and clothing that were offered. Was this a critical point in the family tragedy? Certainly never again do we find any member of the Smith family objecting to relief, nor is there to be any further evidence of family pride.

During the following summer Mr. Smith not only worked but began payment on a house into which the family moved. The house was located in an alley, but it was roomy enough and, at first, Mrs. Smith kept it tolerably clean. This seems to mark the high-water mark of prosperity in the Smith fortunes. During the winter the family was again given assistance, and this story of summer prosperity and winter poverty was repeated in the four following years, with variations only in the types of assistance. Now it was groceries and a bed and mattress which were supplied. Next the father was given a job with the city. Medical care in large quantities for several members of the family formed a sort of continuous undertone to the intermittent melody of relief.

Meanwhile the family birthrate showed no signs of decline. The years 1915-1919 saw four new claims upon charity added to the Smith family: Robert, Isabelle, Laura and Clarence. The fact that all four of these were destined to fill places in schools for the mentally defective was as yet mercifully concealed from the organizations which were striving to keep the family clothed and fed.

IN 1919 the fecundity of the second generation was first expressed. Grace, now eighteen, came home from a trip to Buffalo, bearing her first-born child, illegitimate, to be sure. Soon after this she left the home, and we have no record of her further fortunes, save for rumors in 1927 that she had made a "respectable" marriage. A few months later, in April 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, as yet unmarried, had occasion to congratulate sixteen-year-old Gladys on her simultaneous marriage and confinement. Gladys at this time left the family hearth for her husband's home, and we cannot continue in this story the saga of her adventures. Suffice it to say that she and her brood were well cared for by several of the local charitable organizations until the time that they left the city.

In the period from 1920 to 1922 the number of small children in the Smith home grew from seven to nine. The older children were known throughout the neighborhood for their rowdy behavior, their stealing, and their general lawlessness. One of their more playful escapades was to throw watermelon rinds at the sleeping baby of their next door neighbor while Mrs. Smith sat on the porch and laughed. According to the records of the public health nurses, the children were in miserable physical condition in spite of much free care. All of them were enuretics (there was no physical basis for it, doctors said) and the filthy condition of the home with its front yard heaped with junk was noteworthy.

Mr. Smith was now a confirmed panhandler, though whether this was due to innate characteristics, to the ease with which relief was obtained, or to his growing discouragement with the size of his family, it is impossible to state. He succeeded always in obtaining relief, yet we know that he was making payments on his house and was even putting money in the bank. He purchased a player piano while the children's shoes were being supplied by charity.

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It was during the era of the player piano that Mrs. Smith made her one bid for newspaper fame. She deserted for four carefree days in spring while newspapers carried sob stories of "nine little ones left without a mother," and Mr. Smith showed reporters the player piano and a gold wrist watch, newly purchased, as proof of his affection for his Daisy. At the end of four days she returned, and, like a wise wife, refused to tell where she had been. The routine of life went on as before, and in December Mrs. Smith was again attending the free pre-natal clinic at one of the hospitals.

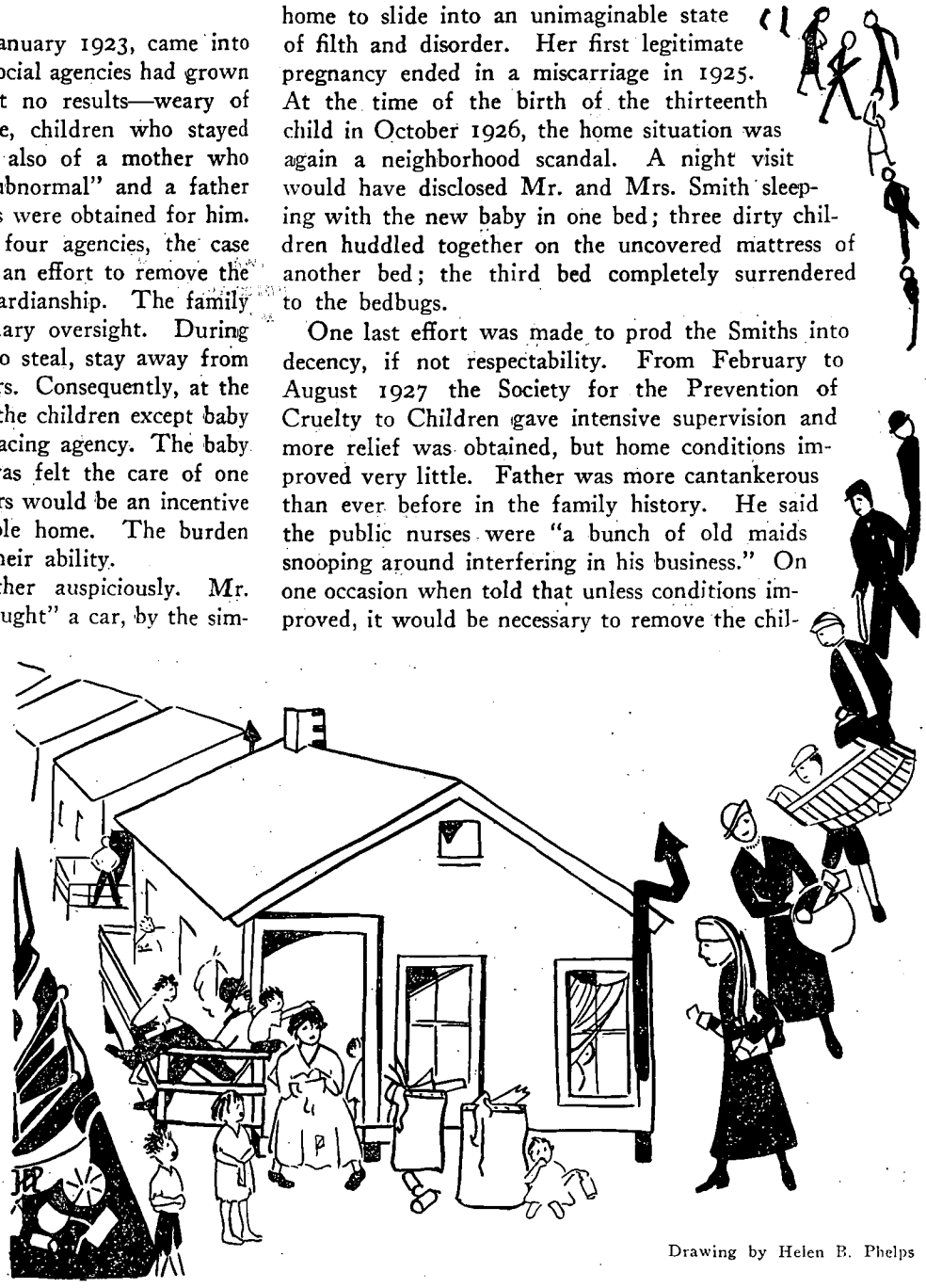
John, whose birth occurred in January 1923, came into the Smith home at a critical time. Social agencies had grown weary of welldoing which brought no results—weary of truant children, children who stole, children who stayed away from home for days—weary also of a mother who was now described as "obviously subnormal" and a father who would not work even when jobs were obtained for him. With the supporting testimony of four agencies, the case was taken into Children's Court in an effort to remove the children on a plea of insufficient guardianship. The family was placed on a month's probationary oversight. During this period the children continued to steal, stay away from school and to torment their neighbors. Consequently, at the close of the probationary period all the children except baby John were committed to the childplacing agency. The baby was left with his parents, for it was felt the care of one child and the possible return of others would be an incentive to the Smiths to maintain a suitable home. The burden would be one commensurate with their ability.

The experiment started off rather auspiciously. Mr. Smith obtained some work. He "bought" a car, by the simple process of making a $10 down payment, and he was successful even in borrowing money for the license plates. At least one notable excursion was made in this car. Whether a tardy conscience began to reprove the Smiths after sixteen years, or whether they felt that the children would be returned sooner if the formalities had been observed, we do not know. At any rate the pair drove to a neighboring town and were married.

Surrounded now by the cloak of legality and harried by her sister-in-law for her neglect of her children, Mrs. Smith appealed to the childplacing agency for the return of Clarence and Fred. An optimistic investigator found the home conditions had improved, and the return of the two boys was authorized. These two youngsters, borderline mental defectives, brought the family group up to five. The load was too great for Mr. Smith. While supporting two, he kept the family ark above water; loaded with two more it began to sink, and Mrs. Smith, within six weeks of her marriage, was sending out one of her usual SOS calls: "We are maried now and have some of the children home will not be able to get milk for the baby after today just as soon as he goes to work will let you know I am only asking you this for my poor childrn sake will thank you very much from Mrs. R. G. Smith."

The old story of intermittent work and relief began again. Mr. Smith resisted every effort to find employment for him until threatened with a charge of vagrancy; then he secured work as a taxi-driver for some time. A taxi-drivers' strike, however, put him back on the charity lists. Mrs. Smith, meanwhile, was allowing the home to slide into an unimaginable state of filth and disorder. Her first legitimate pregnancy ended in a miscarriage in 1925. At the time of the birth of the thirteenth child in October 1926, the home situation was again a neighborhood scandal. A night visit would have disclosed Mr. and Mrs. Smith sleeping with the new baby in one bed; three dirty children huddled together on the uncovered mattress of another bed; the third bed completely surrendered to the bedbugs.

One last effort was made to prod the Smiths into decency, if not respectability. From February to August 1927 the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children gave intensive supervision and more relief was obtained, but home conditions improved very little. Father was more cantankerous than ever before in the family history. He said the public nurses were "a bunch of old maids snooping around interfering in his business." On one occasion when told that unless conditions improved, it would be necessary to remove the children, he said he did not care. He and Mrs. Smith refused to take seriously the "childish prank" of seven-year-old Clarence who, in a vicious moment, pushed a neighbor's small boy over a 100-foot cliff. The four-year-old victim miraculously escaped serious injury, and the Smiths insisted that "Clarence was just in (*Continued on page* 527)



Drawing by Helen B. Phelps

"Social agencies grew weary of well doing that brought no results"

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When Our Deathrate Goes Up

By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

IT is a striking fact, though seemingly little recognized, that the deathrate in the United States has been barely holding its own since 1920, in spite of all the advances in sanitation, medicine and surgery that have taken place. Even more striking is the virtual certainty that within a decade the deathrate will begin to go up, and that by the end of a generation it will be at least two or three points higher than at present. This latter fact has hitherto received very little attention, even from specialists in vital statistics. When it begins to seep through to the general public it is bound to create profound consternation, unless the public mind is prepared for it in advance, and equipped to understand its real meaning. A low deathrate has always been regarded as a ground for national pride, and a declining deathrate has been accepted as a proof of improving hygienic and social conditions. A rising deathrate is sure to arouse widespread dismay, and to call forth a host of pessimistic explanations and Jeremiads of various sorts. It is the purpose of this article to take the first step in familiarizing the ordinary thoughtful citizen with the true nature of the social situation which is leading up to this event, and to allay his misgiving concerning it.

In point of fact, the impending increase in the deathrate is a natural and unavoidable consequence of social changes which have been going on in this country for some time, and which in themselves are neither discreditable nor unfortunate, but on the contrary salutary.

In the first place it is well to recognize that deathrates are naturally deceptive, and may lead to very erroneous conclusions, especially when considered as an index of general hygienic or mortality conditions. It is quite possible for a country with very excellent health and living conditions to have a higher deathrate than another which is distinctly inferior in those respects.

Very much better than the deathrate, as an index of mortality conditions, is the expectation of life. This is simply another name for the average age at death. In its basic form it is figured from the age 0, and is nothing more than the number of years that the average new-born baby may expect to live. But it may be figured from any subsequent age point, and for actuarial purposes is actually worked out in great variety of detail. Assuming that long life is a valuable desideratum, which is the axiom upon which all societies proceed in their sanitary policies, then the expectation of life is a direct index of the satisfactoriness of vital conditions, just as the deathrate is popularly supposed to be an inverse index. But the expectation of life is accurate, and the deathrate is not.

There is, indeed, a direct relationship between the expectation of life and the deathrate, which is of the highest importance, but is quite generally obscured. This can be most easily understood by considering a stationary population. In order to get away from the idea of rates, which are likely to be very confusing, let us think of a sample population of 1000 (which is the basis upon which most vital statistics are reckoned).

Let us suppose not only that this population is stationary, but that the mortality conditions are constant, that is, that exactly the same number of people die every year. Let us further suppose, for clearness of exposition, that the average age at death is the actual age at death, that is, that everybody dies at the same age. In that case, the deathrate would be exactly equivalent to 1000 divided by the expectation of life.

This will become clear by an examination of Chart I. Let us suppose, first, that the population is composed of fifty groups, each comprising twenty individuals, the first group one year old, the second two years old, and so on until the highest group is reached at fifty years. Every year this upper group dies off *en masse*—that is, the average age at death, or expectation of life, is fifty. To keep the population stationary, of course, twenty babies must be born each year, that is, the lowest group must be reconstituted to make up for the loss of the upper group. Since there are twenty persons in each of these groups, and the total population is 1000, the birthrates and deathrates are equal (which is always the case in a stationary population, barring migration[1]) and both are twenty, which is precisely 1000 divided by the expectation of life, fifty.

If, now, we suppose that the expectation of life is 100, each group will then be composed of ten persons, and the birth- and

That the American population is rapidly moving toward a stationary level in which births will not exceed deaths is a fact which statisticians have pointed out. While the process may dismay the real estate developers, it might offer at least some hope for the traffic problem! We have been accustomed to think of it in terms of the falling birthrate. Here, however, Professor Fairchild points out another factor which so far has dodged recognition. Within ten years, he computes, we shall see the beginning of a substantial rise in the deathrate. This will not be an occasion for national misgiving but, if we realize the causes, a salutary sign. Professor Fairchild's present paper, which he is giving this month before the International Population Congress in Rome, carries on the discussion of some of the questions raised in the special issue of Survey Graphic for April, Science Looks at People, and will be followed by other articles on people and science during the coming year.

[1] Note: Migration is disregarded throughout this paper.

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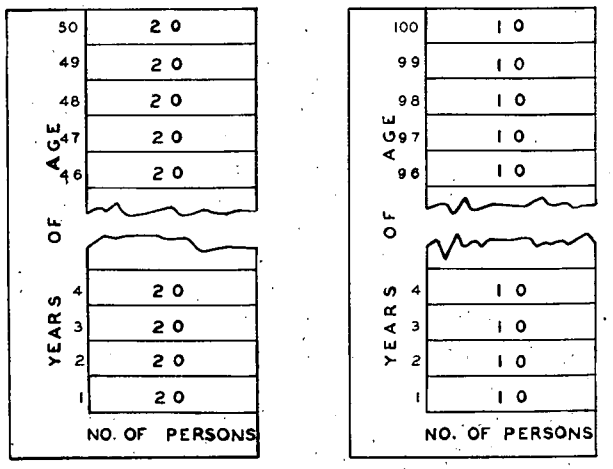

Chart I

Population	1000	*Population*	1000
Expectation of life	50	*Expectation of life*	100
Deathrate	20	*Deathrate*	10

deathrates will be ten, which is 1000 divided by 100. Similarly, whatever the expectation of life, the equation remains the same. It is also obvious that no matter how many thousands the population actually numbers, the size of the birth and death groups is increased in exact proportion to the size of population, so that the relationship between deathrate and expectation of life remains unaltered.

But obviously these examples contain one or two suppositions contrary to fact. Would a closer approximation of the illustrations to the facts of life alter the conclusions?

First of all, in actual life people do not die all at the same age, but at every age from one minute to well over one hundred years. Let us suppose, then, that in our sample populations one person dies at the age of 49. (Chart II A.) To keep the average age 50, another person in the upper group would have to live to 51. There would therefore still be

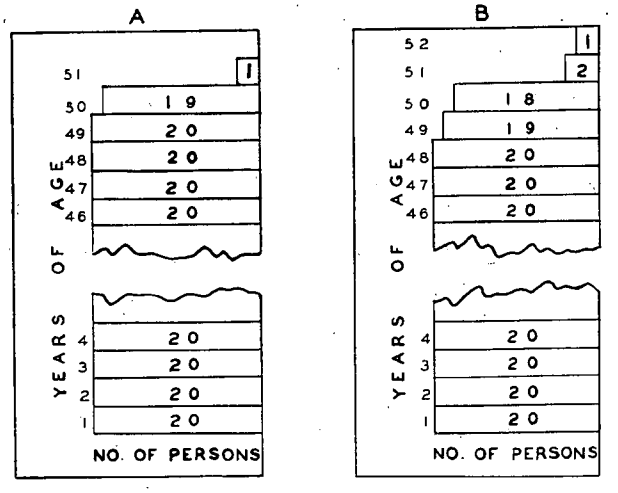

Chart II

To keep the expectation of life constant, every death at an age below the average must be compensated by a death equally above the average. The deathrate remains the same—1000 divided by the expectation of life

twenty deaths in the year in question, and twenty the next year, leaving the deathrate the same.[1]

So if two people died at 49, or one at 48, two would have to live to 51, or one to 52, in order to keep the average age at death 50. But in each case there would be twenty deaths in the year, so the ratio would remain unchanged. The same process might go on through the whole possible range of ages—as long as the average age at death remains 50, the deathrate must remain 20, provided the total population remains stationary. (Chart II B.)

But practically no populations are stationary. Most of them, emphatically the United States, are increasing. How does this affect the deathrate, and the relation between deathrate and expectation of life?

In order to have an increasing population, there must be more births in the society than there are deaths. Let us suppose, then, that in a certain year 21 babies are born. (Chart III.) The bottom group now numbers 21, and the total population 1001. But since this increase at the bottom does not affect the ability to survive of the upper group, there are

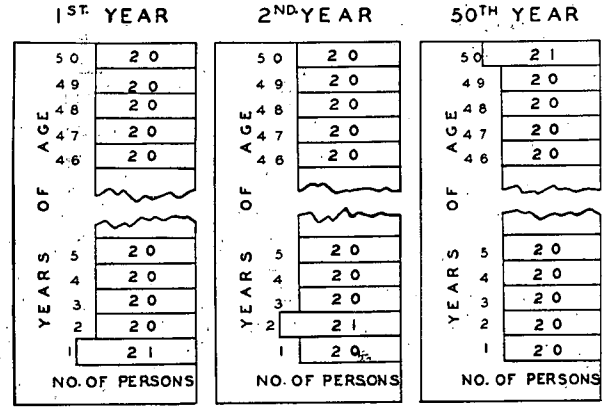

Chart III

The deathrate remains slightly lowered until the extra individual reaches the age of death, when it suddenly rises sharply for a single year and then drops back to the original

still only 20 deaths. The deathrate this year, then, is 20/1001 instead of 20/1000, a slight decrease. If this increase in births was not repeated in subsequent years, the slight decrease in the deathrate would be continued unchanged until the extra individual reached the age of fifty, when the deathrate would suddenly jump to 21/1001, after which it would drop back to 20 again.

If, however, the extra birth represented a permanent change in the conditioning factors, then the deathrate in the second year would be 20/1002, in the third year 20/1003, and so on. (Chart IV A.)

This will keep up until the first extra baby reaches the age of 50, during which period there will be a steady decline in the deathrate, since the denominator keeps getting larger while the numerator remains the same. In that year, however, there will be 21 deaths, and consequently a sharp in-

[1] Of course, in a single sample population of 1000 there would be slight temporary mathematical discrepancies. For, to keep the average age at death exactly 50, the 49-year-old person and the 51-year-old person would have to die at the same time. But in fact the older one would have to live an extra year before he died. In an actual population of many thousands, and of varying ages at death, these irregularities would be smoothed out.

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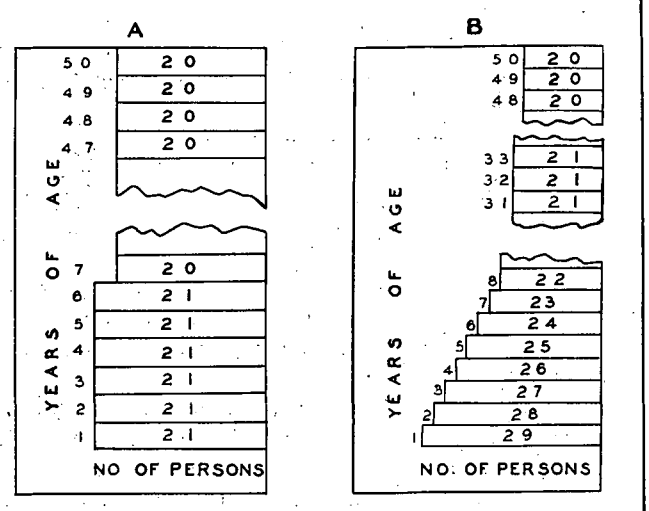

Chart IV

As long as births remain at 21, the population increases, and the deathrate decreases, slowly

In real life increases in births tend to be cumulative; population and deathrate change more rapidly

crease in the deathrate. The population is now 1050, and the deathrate 21/1050, or 20 per thousand as at the beginning. In other words, the population has suddenly become stationary again, the entire improvement in deathrate of the past fifty years is lost in a single year, and the deathrate once more equals the population divided by the expectation of life.

Obviously, if the conditions, instead of the hypothetical ones useful for demonstration, were those of real life, with deaths occurring at all ages, the improvement in the deathrate would be more gradual, and the increase of the deathrate less sudden, but the general effect would be the same.

The important fact illustrated by this supposition is that an excess of births over deaths, as long as it continues, will of itself, without the slightest improvement in vital or mortality conditions and without any extension of the expectation of life, produce a lower deathrate than if the population were stationary.

In the last case, it has been supposed that the excess of births over deaths remains constant, 21 births against 20 deaths for fifty years. But in real life this supposition would not be true. In the course of time some of these extra babies would reach the child-bearing age, and would begin to have babies of their own. Presently the number in the bottom group would be 22, and then 23, and so on. (Chart IV B.) But for a number of years the upper age group would still remain at 20, and there would still be twenty deaths to be checked against a constantly increasing population. There would therefore be a steadily declining deathrate until the first extra individual reached the age of death. Then the decline in the deathrate would be checked, but it would remain at a permanently lower figure as long as births exceeded deaths.

This is the crux of the whole situation. The outstanding fallacy in our ordinary use of vital statistics is this: Customarily, the deathrate and birthrate are both based on the contemporary population. This procedure involves a fallacy in the case of both rates, but is particularly misleading in the case of the deathrate. For the deaths of a given year do not represent the contemporary population, but much more nearly the population as it existed in a year antedating the present by a period equal to the expectation of life. In theory, deathrates, to be really significant, should be based upon this antecedent population. Practically, this is not possible, since people do not all die at one age, or in equal numbers at each successive age. But it emphasizes the fact that the expectation of life is a much more significant index of vital conditions than the deathrate.

The only permanent and reliable way to lower the deathrate is to extend the expectation of life. If the average age at death can be increased from 50 to 60 the deathrate will decline from 20 to 16.66.

It is also exceedingly noteworthy that while any such extension of the expectation of life is in process of achievement, the deathrate will fall abnormally low, that is, lower than the point at which it can be maintained after actual improvement ceases. To illustrate once more from our sample population:

Suppose in a certain year a hygienic improvement is made which enables one of the upper group to live to 51. The number of deaths in the first year during which this improvement comes into effect will be 19; but the year after it will go back to 20 again and will remain so. The improvement in the deathrate in the single year in question is therefore five per cent. The permanent improvement in the deathrate is very much less, and is due not to the fact that there are fewer deaths, but that there is a larger population. The deathrate is now 20/1001.

It is clear, therefore, that while improvements in hygienic and sanitary conditions are going on the deathrate will be at a much lower point than it can possibly remain after the improvements have become well established. For no matter how much the expectation of life is extended, everybody has to die some time.

What happens, now, when the increase in population ceases, or when the rate of increase declines? This can be made clear by one more reference to our sample population. (Chart V.) We have already seen what would be the effect of an increase of births from 20 to 21—a corresponding

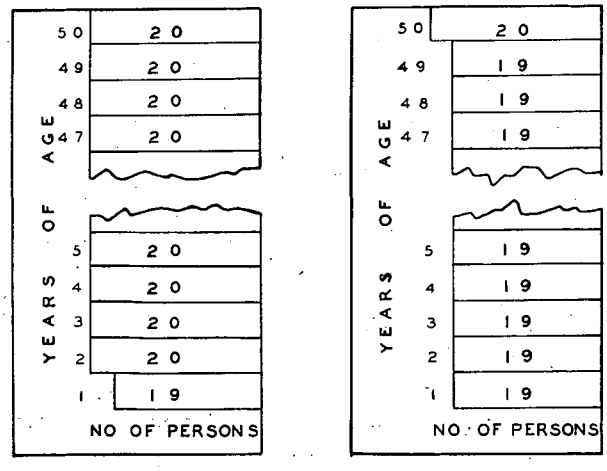

Chart V

There is a steady decrease in population and increase in deathrate until the last 20-group has died

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decline in the deathrate for a period of time. Suppose now that the births decline from 20 to 19. For 50 years the number of deaths will remain at 20, while the population steadily declines from 1000 to 950. There will therefore be a steady increase in the deathrate during this period. As in the opposite case, this increase will suddenly be offset in the fiftieth year by a drop in the number of deaths from 20 to 19. In real life, both the decline and the recovery would be more gradual, but the eventual outcome would be the same.

The important general truth is that a decline in the birthrate brings of itself an increase in the deathrate. In a growing population, this increase will be extreme while the decline in the birthrate is actually going on. After the decline has ceased, and births become stabilized, the deathrate will gradually fall again and itself become stabilized. But it will remain at a higher point than it was while the increase of population was taking place, or taking place at a more rapid rate. If the population becomes stationary, the deathrate and the birthrate will become equal again, each being equivalent to 1000 divided by the expectation of life. If the population continues to increase moderately, the deathrate will remain abnormally low, but nevertheless higher than it was during the period of rapid increase.

WE are now in a position to understand the situation in the United States. From the beginning of our national life we have been a very rapidly growing people. Our population has increased from about four million in 1790 to over one hundred and twenty-two million in 1930—or over thirty-fold in 140 years. We have consequently become habituated to a very low deathrate, much lower than our hygienic and sanitary conditions in themselves would justify, and so low as to give us a wholly unwarranted attitude of superiority toward foreign countries with a higher rate.

Within the last few decades we have experienced a sharp decline in the birthrate. Our vital statistics are so inadequate, and of so short duration, that we do not know just when this decline commenced or how it has progressed. But common observation tells us that it has taken place, and what figures we have bear it out. This in itself would be expected to produce an increase in the deathrate, though its full effect would not become manifest until after the lapse of a period about equivalent to our expectation of life, that is, twenty-five or thirty years from now.

In the meantime, however, other developments have been taking place which have tended to lower the deathrate temporarily. These are the great advances in medicine, surgery, and public health, and a consequent extension of the expectation of life by raising the average age at death. The operation of such forces has already been explained. They produce an abnormally great improvement in the deathrate while they are going on, which has to be largely compensated for eventually. This principle is of particular weight since so large a portion of the modern saving of life has been in infancy and early childhood. For the earlier in life vital improvements are introduced, the more conspicuous is their effect on the deathrate, but the more certainly they have to be paid for eventually. These improvements have therefore served to counterbalance the unfavorable effect on the deathrate of the declining rate of population growth, permitting the deathrate to decline for some years, and to barely hold its own for the past decade or so.

But the near future will certainly see a change. The decline in the rate of population increase will in all probability go on, tending to raise the deathrate accordingly. And of a surety we shall begin to reap the full effects of the decreased birthrate of the past fifty or sixty years.

The difficulty of making exact predictions is increased by the fact, already alluded to, that an increasing population produces a distortion in the birthrate, just as it does in the deathrate. Birthrates are determined by comparing the total number of births in a year with the contemporary population. But births are not produced by the total contemporary population, but by that section of the population that was born as many years previously as the average age of mother at childbirth, probably between thirty and thirty-five years. In a stationary population this number would remain constant, and a given rate of actual fecundity would produce a higher birthrate than in a growing population. A decline in the rate of growth of population, accordingly, has a tendency to raise the birthrate as well as the deathrate, and since this decline is produced by a diminution of births there arises the peculiar paradox that a reduction in births has a tendency to raise, as well as to lower, the birthrate. But the depressing tendency, of course, far exceeds the elevating tendency. Since the expectation of life is about twice the average age at childbirth, the distortion of the birthrate is only about half that of the deathrate. All this shows how exceedingly misleading it is to base generalizations about vitality and morality conditions on ordinary birthrates and deathrates.

The only possible way to stave off an increase in the deathrate would be through superhuman improvements in the saving and lengthening of life. Some further advances in this field are certainly to be expected. But there is not the slightest ground for hope that they can be extensive enough to offset the forces tending to raise the deathrate, especially as we shall soon begin to feel the tremendous rebound from the improvements already made and the false deathrate that they have helped to produce.

IN this connection, it is well to remember that most of the extension of the expectation of life which has been so noteworthy in recent years has been due to savings in the early age groups. The reduction of infant mortality has been one of the outstanding achievements of the twentieth century. But there is very little evidence that the total span of life has been increased much, if any. It is one thing to raise the average age at death, and it is quite another to extend the upper limits of existence. Babies live longer, but old people do not. Each year it is becoming more true that further improvements in the expectation of life must be achieved at the upper end, and the prospects are not very bright in this direction.

Whether or not we are to have a stationary population in this country within the next half-century, at just what point the birth- and deathrates will be equalized, just how they may fluctuate up and down in the meantime—these are points about which there is no certainty. But whatever comes, it is beyond question that one of the accompanying phenomena will be an upturn in the deathrate. This will, of course, be particularly marked in certain of the states. In 1926, for instance, the deathrate in Nebraska was 9.1, in North Dakota 8.3, in Montana 7.8, and in Idaho 7.4, against the average for all states of 12.2.

And if we are to stop with (*Continued on page* 525)

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No Laughter Allowed

By PAULINE LEADER

IN the factory there was an invisible sign, "No Laughter Allowed," but in spite of it she would laugh, long peels of laughter over nothing at all, and the other workers at the long mutual table would join in unwillingly.

"Stop making me laugh," said the fat girl. "It costs me money." And the fat girl was right. Every time she laughed she was forced to stop work, and she was on piece work. The piece-workers loved every second of the working day. They begrudged the half hour off for lunch when even the machines were allowed relaxation. The piece-workers had become more machine-like than the machines.

The one who was always laughing was a non-piece-worker. She could afford to laugh. But what was there to laugh at in a book-binding factory? The hole in the stocking of "the boy" who brought the chunks of unsewed books to the women and girls at the machines could be the most ridiculous thing in the world somehow. It sent her off into a fit of endless giggles. And the other workers would have to join in, the sound was so contagious. They said she was crazy, and maybe she was.

Al didn't like her. Al was the foreman. He bawled out anyone who talked, for the sign "Talking Strictly Forbidden" was all too visible. But against her wordless laughter he was hepless. He could only glare. If only someone had had the afterthought to make the invisible sign, "No Laughter Allowed," visible.

Today was Monday and she was always especially cheerful on Monday for it meant getting back to the factory. Home was worse than the factory. A Sunday passed looking at the cracked wall-paper, the wobbly dresser, the even wobblier stand of her four-dollar room. . . .

Sunday at home. The frowsy landlady with her room at the head of the stairs and the door always open to see her lady-lodgers did not sneak their gentlemen friends up. This is a respectable house! But meanwhile, bed-bugs continued to feast on the blood of the lady-lodgers. How did landladies regulate this with their morality?

Sunday at home. Sleep late, my children. You, two tailors sleeping on two cots in a four-dollar room; you, old maid living in a three-dollar room so that you can buy a fur coat; you, young couple with a baby, and another one on the way; you, and the rest of you, met and passed in the hall, silently, furtively, while the sick gas-light blinks suspiciously at each one coming under its eye, like another landlady keeping watch through the night in the halls.

A door is left open a crack. It is the old maid's room. Stockings hang from a string. Handkerchiefs are pasted to the window. The fur coat hangs, oh so carefully, on its hanger. This is all one can see, but it is enough. The fur coat is a symbol; with it the old maid can keep her head up in the crowd. What does it matter—who cares—where you live, how you live?

The two tailors lived in the room across the hall. One night she found a note under the door: "We are two tailors. If you be nice to us, we are willing to do sewing for you." Two tailors sitting in their room on their separate beds with the door always hungrily wide open. Two tailors, sex-starved, prowling through the streets at night, leaving the door of their room hungrily wide open.

On Sunday she stayed in bed. The night before, she bought a couple of five-cent boxes of crackers, and since she was not yet eighteen, she bought some chocolate bars too. Her Sunday breakfast, lunch, and supper. The twelve dollars a week she earned in the bookbinding factory wouldn't allow much more. Anyway, the money must be saved for week-days when she needed energy for work. What was Sunday? And if she stayed in bed, she would need less food. The warmth of the bed stifled the hunger pangs in her stomach. What was a feeling of weakness now and then? Yes, she was glad when Monday came and she could go back to the factory.

The fat girl had had her little finger nipped off by the machine. It only made her more than ever the machine's slave. Nothing could compare with her devotion to it. She hung over it, never looking up.

Piece-work was the goal of all the non-piece-workers. After two or three years they promoted you from carting the sewed books away to sewing the books on the machines. Would she be here in two or three years? She hoped not.

HOW could these women be contented? They were broken. That was the answer. The machines had broken them. They were slaves. Their eyes were glued to the machine to catch every revolution of the wheel on which they placed a folded page to be sewed to the pages gone before.

The rhythm of the machine was staccato; the body of the worker moved in a constant staccato jerk, head and shoulders were brought up, brought up, brought up, and flung back in a never ending jerk in time with the machine. Until the worker got used to it, it was torture, for it involved not only the body but the mind. Words came out of jerked mouths jerkily. There was no getting away from the machines. The walls and floor of the room shook in little staccato jerks of anguish. When she left the factory for the side-walks, she had to learn all over again how to walk. Her body refused at first to obey a smooth rhythm. The muscles were too tense.

She could never get away from the machines except in one way—by laughing at them. So she laughed. She kept her eye out for funny things. Al, the way Al walked. His trousers were too short. Al had pale blue eyes and no thoughts of his own. On one side was the boss pushing him to a maximum output, on the other side were the younger girls, the non-piece-workers, who were fond of slipping off to the wash-room five minutes before the five-

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fifteen bell rang. Five minutes multiplied by quite a number of girls made quite a number of minutes lost. Bawling them out did no good. They were not slaves of the machine yet. Poor Al. No wonder he always went around looking half out his mind. But one could not feel any sympathy for him. Who ever liked a foreman? He was an enemy.

IN this place, if she didn't laugh she would certainly cry, unless of course she became like the others who had been broken long ago on the machine's wheel. That seemed the best way after all. After that, she would grow indifferent to everything.

Funny, what a factory did to you. You grew careless about brushing your teeth, washing properly. There was no time. Everything was half done or not done at all. It was a continual fight not to let go entirely. Especially if you lived in a rooming house where there was hot water only on Saturdays.

She had dirty finger nails. Her hair was not really combed. The others had the same look of carelessness about them. But nearly all the girls had make-up on. Through it, one could see yesterday's make-up which they had been too tired to wash off. Why did they put make-up on for the factory? The make-up had been put on at six A. M. in artificial light; at ten it looked ghastly with the sun streaming through the windows. But there was something defiant about the make-up, defiance against the machine.

When, in the afternoon, the boss's son came around to lead a visitor through the factory, the carting away of finished books, the whole industry almost stopped. He certainly was handsome. In the love story and confession magazines, the boss's son always fell in love with the poor working girl. But here, he didn't even give them a look. With a sigh, the carting away of finished books, the rhythm of industry, started again.

Why did they employ girls for this job? It was really a man's work. The books were heavy. But they gave the job to girls because girls and women would take twelve dollars a week, and a man wouldn't. Each girl was given three machines, and the out-put came fast and furious. On Mondy mornings when many of the girls had to go to continuation school, the girls left behind had as many as six machines each. When that happened there would be an awful mixup.

The day dragged on. She envied the incuriosity of the older women. She tried not to look too often at the clock although all the girls were looking at it. Their young bodies were restless, impatient. They kept taking out their vanity cases and when Al's back was turned, dabbed fresh rouge on their faces. Then their cheeks flared out brilliantly, but the eyes above them remained tired.

Cut, cut, cut, her little knife went through the books. It had got to be so that she knew, without really seeing the little purple mark, where to cut. Then, picking up fifteen books, minus only their covers, she carried them to the wagon which would wheel them to the cover room. The more she picked up at a time, the less number of times she would have to walk to the wagon. But it also worked another way. If she carried so many books at one time, her arms and back grew tired quickly.

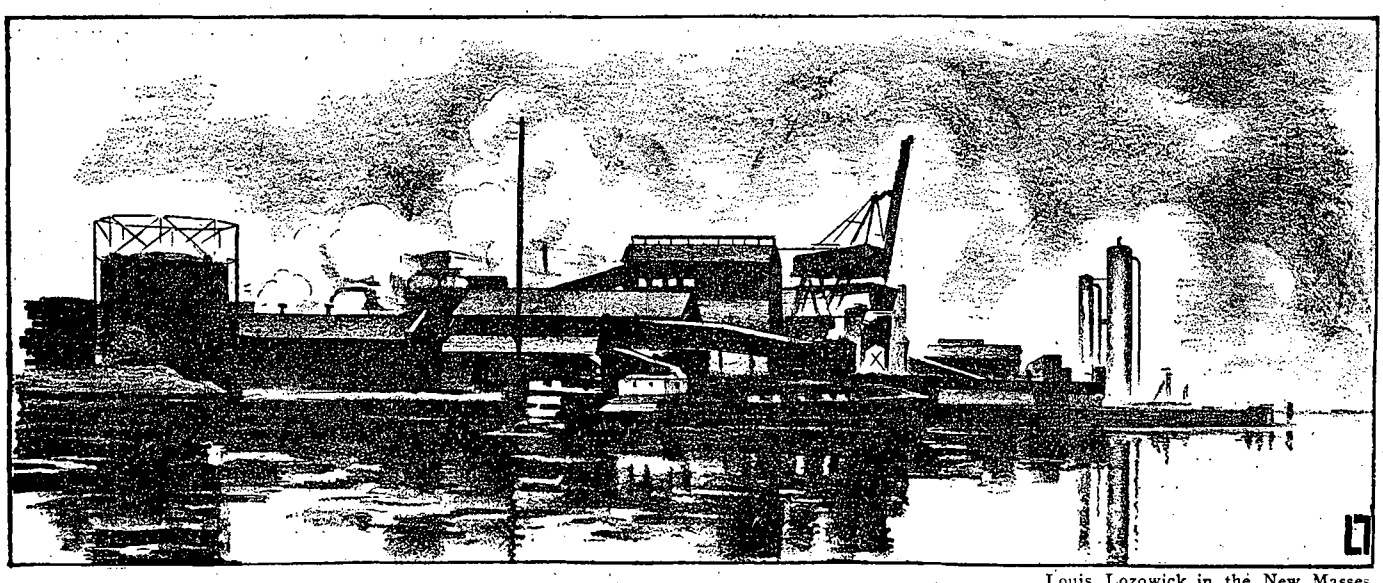
ONCE she had opened a book and read a few lines, thinking that Al would like her interest in the books. But Al had bawled her out. She wasn't there to read, he said. She was there to cart the books to the wagon. It was none of her business what was inside of them. He never looked himself. A book was a product, not a book.

Some of the girls were kidding with "the boy." They would have preferred someone without pimples, but he was the only one handy.

If she didn't laugh pretty quick, it would get her. Damn these machines. Damn Al. Then she laughed. The hole in the stocking of "the boy" was funny. How could he expect to date up one of the girls when he had a hole in his stocking and they were making fun of him behind his back?

The piece-workers looked up from their machines in annoyance. She's crazy, they muttered. Al looked up from the machine he was fixing. He had been working on it for an hour and still had not found out what was wrong. That laugh. . . . Damn her laughter! He'd give her something to laugh at.

And he did. Only the little "firing card" stuck in her pay envelope wasn't so funny after all.



Industrial Scenery

Louis Lozowick in the New Masses

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Traveling Ad Lib

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ENDLESS procession walking, round and round the decks, from stem to stern, from stern to stem again; up the starboard and down the port side; down-side up and up-side down as the case—and the ship—might be. *Tout le monde* walking like mad, except those who prefer their oceans flat; otherwise staying flat themselves. Yon fat man, who in the city sits all day at a desk, seems to imagine that he can walk off at six laps to the mile the whale of a breakfast that he had, not to mention the libations of yestere'en and the cocktails begun again this morning before the sun got anywhere near the altitude of the yardarm. That skinny woman, who ought to be sitting still all the way across, guzzling cream and piling on adipose—before we sight land she will have lost altogether the thin theoretical layer of flesh that barely hides her poor bones.

"No, I shall not walk," I said to the man in the steamer chair beside me. "I faithfully did my exercises this morning. Treadmills do not amuse me. Shoving your legs ahead one after the other a thousand times or twenty leagues; getting absolutely nowhere. The scenery remains the same. So much like life."

"Nor shall I," replied the man. "Exercise is a state of mind rather than a physical activity. Any doctor will tell you that you can determine blood to any part of the body by mental intention and attention, without consciously moving a muscle. The physical activity is quite futile, considered by itself. There is quite a problem in the mere matter of how to be happy though exercising. The same may be said of travel. Most of these people think they are going somewhere; whereas the fact is that they are standing still, and will be, all their lives. Now, me—I rowed this morning before breakfast from Cairo to Luxor, against the current—the Nile is swift at this season—and came back on horseback."

"Cummaw?" said I. "That is, if you get what I mean. It's my kind of French for the English 'Beg pawdon?' I've been from Cairo to Luxor, in a boat; but a steam-engine did the work, and it consumed, as I remember it, a full week. Besides"—I waved my hand around the horizon—"what has this to do with the Nile, swift or slow? Cairo or Luxor; or Aswan, for that matter? Why didn't you go on to Khartoum? You must have been late to breakfast."

"That's just it," said the man. "Like most other people, you think of travel and exercise and all that sort of thing, in terms of miles and boats and railroad trains; maybe aeroplanes. And money. Especially money. If you haven't money you can't travel. You stick in one place, see always the same things, and die of dry-rot. Or, if you have money, you rush around from one place to another, accumulate a lot of funny names and a hodge-podge of impressions, and die of mental indigestion. Or of boredom, knowing of no other places to rush to. For myself—I travel every morning. Sometimes up the Nile, or the Amazon, the Rhine or the Hudson, as far as I like to go. I row, you know, with my own muscles, arms and legs. Great exercise that—rowing. But the rowing isn't any good unless you enjoy the scenery, and you have to make that for yourself. There's a place on the Danube; the Iron Gates, I think they call it. I was there yesterday."

He looked sane enough, but you never can tell. I was going to say something, but he went on:

"Ordinarily, I haven't any horse, but on this ship there's a bully one, and you can speed him up so as to shake every tooth out of your head. Or, if you prefer, there's a camel, that will take you to Timbuctoo, and twist your gizzard upside down. A quick gallop over the Pampas, or in Rotten Row, or along the Snake River in Idaho. After a few miles or kilometers of that, breakfast is a joy. Tomorrow morning I have a date to ride in the Bad Lands with Sitting Bull. Possibly Buffalo Bill will come along."

"Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull are both dead." It was all I could think of to say, but I said it somewhat truculently.

"They were, but I have revived them. As the Fairy says, in Maeterlinck's The Betrothal, 'only those are dead who are forgotten.' I have crossed the Rubicon with Julius Caesar. I have stood with Napoleon before the Sphinx, and she said to me . . . . No, I shall not tell you; it was in confidence. You will have to ask her yourself."

"You are not by any chance the Wandering Jew?" I asked. "I have always wanted to meet him."

"That is up to you. I might be. Just now I am Marco Polo, on my way to far places—the other side of Betelgeuse, for example."

ONCE in a lunatic asylum—visiting, mind you, not resident or on approval—I met Oliver Cromwell and Nebuchadnezzar. The latter had a fistful of grass, and they were arguing hotly about which of them was the actual designer of the Tower of Babel. They asked me to decide between them. Realizing that a decision either way would subject me to bodily harm, I assured them that I was not well versed in the architecture of that period, and anyhow was a stranger in the locality. Evidently I had now occasion for similar technique.

"I like to row, and to ride," I ventured. "Where is this boat in which you rowed this morning from Cairo to Luxor; this horse on which you galloped back along the Nile; this gizzard-twisting camel?"

"Follow me," he said. I did so, maintaining a judicious distance—the ocean overside looked wet and cold. He led me up to the ship's gymnasium. There was indeed a boat; two of them—rowing machines. Also, against the wall, the horse and the camel.

"Have you by any chance in your pocket a lump of sugar? That is the way to make friends with a horse."

"Unfortunately not," I apologized. "I did not realize that I should meet a horse—unless perhaps a sea-horse—out here in mid-ocean. Besides, the waiter was looking. Calvin Coolidge had a horse like this. Do you ever ride with him?"

"No, he talks too much. When riding I prefer to talk to myself, or to the horse. In either case, horse-sense. I am like the Irishman who said he talked to himself because he liked to talk to a sensible man, and to hear a sensible man talk."

"I feel sure," said I, "that there is more to this than meets the ear. A diagram would help. Or words of one syllable."

"Possibly; although there are some types of mind. . . . However, I shall try. Listen carefully.

"Travel, as I said before, is not a physical exercise; it is a state of mind. Places and people are not things outside of our-

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selves, but intricate patterns of experience and reaction that one makes for himself. No two people can by any possibility see the same thing. Once on a mountain-trip in the High Sierras, looking out over a superb panorama calling for awe-struck silence, the man beside me opined that he could drive a golf-ball clear across the chasm in front of us. . . . Yes, he is dead now. There was only one thing to do. . . .

"You imagine that you can go to the same place twenty years afterward. It can't be done. Everything is different, if it were only because *you* are different. Do you think a Wall Street banker in top-hat and spats can find the place where he played as a bare-foot boy with his hair sticking out through the holes in his old straw hat? Not he! And the Old Swimmin' Hole—the water is there, and the over-hanging willows; he can buy the real-estate for a song; but the essential thing is gone. Unless, as happens once in ten thousand cases, he has kept it, inside of himself."

"I GET you," I said. "At Stockbridge, the meadows where fifty years ago I hunted butterflies and rounded up my grandfather's cows in the long-shadowed afternoon have been ruined for golfers—"

"You wouldn't go there barefoot now," he interposed; "'twould hurt your old feet."

"It would. And while I could clamber down the steep river-bank and fish, I should have a jointed rod instead of the sapling that I cut myself; and the hornets that climbed up inside my shirt when I sat on their nest are all dead."

"Precisely. Though you owned Golconda's mines you could not go back to that place. Better row down the Housatonic with me. Or, if you prefer, alone, or with the lads that were in those old days. I own one of those rowing-machines, and if I couldn't get another you couldn't buy it for all the money in the Bank of England. I can pack it in a suit case. I have it with me. But I wouldn't sit in it and work my arms and legs if I could not see the shores that I pass. I row down the Rhine, one morning; down the Thames another.

"Of course, one has to have the pictures within. One has to have seen the places."

"Not at all," I said. "One can *make* the places."

And so I told him about my own first trip in France, with my son and his mother.

He was about seven years old, when we got a young French-woman, teacher in a neighboring school, to walk with the lad in the afternoons, and talk French with him. There was to be no grammar, no spelling, no "home-work"; just talk, between a French girl who knew no English, and a little American boy who knew no French. About dogs and bridges and things in shop-windows. Names of things and actions and various happenings.

It worked. After a little he came home with words and phrases, and tales of adventure. A little superior because his parents could not understand him.

He wanted to know who talked this lingo, and was hugely interested upon being assured that in it little boys chattered, men and women talked knowing no other language—in a great land across the sea. So his mother read to him, from Guizot's illustrated History of France; we got out maps and placed that land. That was not enough; we had to go there. So we went down-town to a travel-agency, and got pictures and deck-plans of French steamers. We managed to get hold of some French money, and worked out its relative value and purchasing-power. That opened up the whole question of currency and foreign exchange; it was a strenuous business to keep two jumps ahead of that eager mind.

We imagined ourselves going on one of those ships to France. In fancy we landed, say at Cherbourg or Le Havre or Boulogne or Calais (having first hunted up pictures of what those places looked like, and some of the stories about them). What would happen when we landed? Well, for one thing, the customs-inspection. *Pourquoi?* What might customs be? Dear me, we must stop and discuss the tariff! Before we could get ourselves safely landed on this entrancing French soil this little boy of seven must get his first acquaintance with that entangled subject. And so on; there was no end to it. All the way to Paris (in our minds) we met one thing after another. . . .

The Normans—we must pass through their country, and that brought in Ivanhoe, and what the Norman-French has done to the English language. Long before that we had learned that you can start at any beginning and lead out to the circumference of the universe. "Flower in the crannied wall"—from any weed to the Uttermost!

So, right there in our own little house in Albany, the French language, the French people, French history, France herself, "came alive." Nay, more—when he was "studying" Latin, and came to Caesar's Commentaries, by good luck there fell into my hands an edition of Caesar with maps, of ancient Gaul superimposed upon the map of modern France; place-names ancient and modern. It was *real;* not something in a book.

CAME a time, a little later, when good fairies made a journey to France a possibility, for all three of us. And everywhere we went this lad was at home in his own France; he had known her all his life! He talked, in France, the French that he had learned in those walks with the young French woman; it all came glibly to his tongue. He led his parents by the hand, and pointed out the very places where Caesar went.

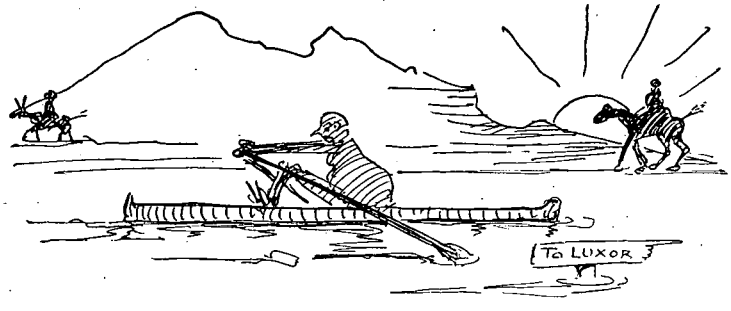
"See, Father, the old boy had to cross the river here; his camp had to be right there—there is no other place!"

Imagine his delight on that bridge in Geneva where today a big bronze tablet shows you the very place where Caesar had to build his bridge into Helvetia. And when the Great War came on, a year later, he made his own maps of the terrain; he saw that mighty conflict in terms of Caesar's battles.

My friend of the rowing-machine and the electric horse heard all this without a word. When at last I stopped he said:

"I apologize. We are fellow-travelers in the glorious company of the Sons of the Open Road. *Allons!* Sit down in this other boat and row beside me. Down the Seine? Or would you prefer the Loire, past that bloody old chateau where the Huguenots are hanging by the neck from the high gallery above the town?"

"No, thank you," I said. "Let us row together side-by-side; you down the Loire if you like; I shall paddle down the old Housatonic, past the Swimmin' Hole and the Place of the Hot-Footed Hornets. I shall take off my shoes and walk a bit in the meadows that are gone. Perhaps my grandfather's cows will be there. Anyway the butterflies will."



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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Cathedral

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES, *A Symposium. Simon and Schuster. 344 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE piers of some cathedral are building among us. We moderns are making a faith, and if it be not the faith of our fathers, it may be that of our children. The foundations are dim for the rocks are just being cut in many remote cliffs by lonely quarrymen such as these scientists, critics, artists, and social servants who here confess their *credos*. The music and rose-windows and ritual will come from some later and more joyous generation; for we sing no hymns, we who labor dangerously at making fast the anchor-stones. But no man can deny that we are religious. We have a kind of faith in Life and hope in Man; and from them some day will spring the twin spires of our cathedral.

The proof is in the common parts of these confessions, not in their amusing and paradoxical contradictions. You need not worry about the pathetic rebellious pessimism of Dreiser; the juvenile hedonism of George Jean Nathan; the fanatic anti-naturalism of Mr. Babbitt; the Tory obstinancy of Dean Inge. All are stimulating ingredients, especially the Dean's contradiction of everybody else's view that there is a law of progress. He challenges humanism, secularity, a society organized without thought of God or the spiritual life. For him, Christianity is a religion of spiritual redemption, not social reform, and its proofs are in the conscience and the experiences of mysticism. That everybody else is out of step with Dean Inge shows the incompleteness of this symposium. The guests are all intellectuals; the mystics were not invited; and certainly without Gandhi and Oliver Lodge we are not given *all* of modern faith. Yet even so there is enough of God, whether as Design, Cause, or Love, and mysticism enough in the adoration of Life. Einstein says: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. He who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. In this sense I belong in the ranks of devoutly religious men."

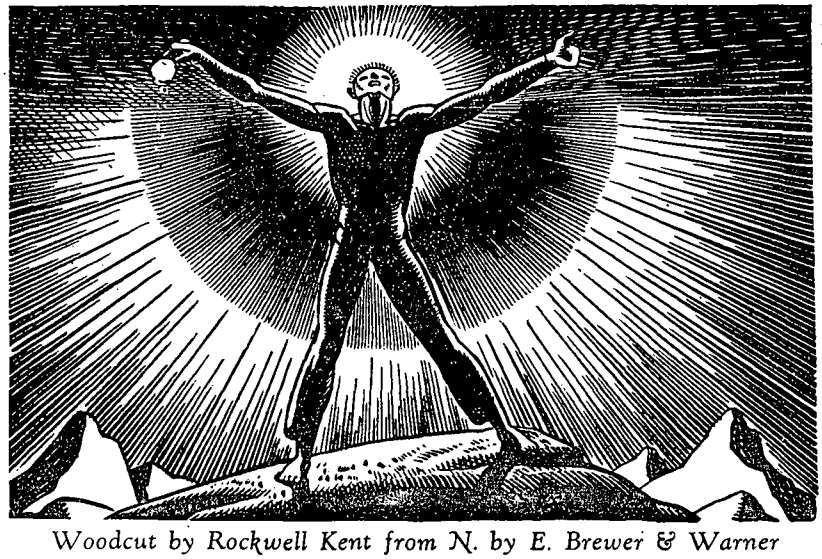
Now you can enjoy and ponder and dispute each individual approach to Life, Death, Free Will, Happiness. You should do so for nowhere else will you find so concise and clear a revelation of the ascendant mode in modern thought. I shall try to find the common articles of these faiths and distil the wisdom of the intellectuals. For the common faiths are those with power. Then—

Life, though it offers no key or meaning for itself, displays such cosmic power, inconceivable duration both past and future, incessant fecundity and change, and unrecordable complexity governed by Design and Law, that it is to be faced with a confession of ignorance, a spirit of humility, and a peace of contemplation. Life in large is for life, little concerned with man save as man is part and molder of life himself, full of suffering and frustration but with moments of nobility, beauty, and heroism. Change gives chance for progress: so most of these thinkers believe there is hope for the betterment of the human race.

Nansen says: "We have thus the means to create a brighter, more satisfactory existence for all men. We should, therefore, have reason to look with confidence and hope upon the future."

Bertrand Russell declares: "I have never felt complete despair, nor ceased to believe that the road to a better state of affairs is still open to mankind."

THE impediments to progress are in man himself, and so capable of being overcome. We can create this better life for we have freedom, within the limits of the final determinism of all things. Nansen declares: "In practice we act as if we had free will and as if there were purpose in our lives." Irwin Edman, who with Dreiser moves in the deep places of despair and for whom there is no meaning, no God, and no hope of immortality, says nevertheless, "Practically and morally, I believe in freedom. . . . Good-will and intelligence can make of this anarchic chaos a little more, even much more, of a universally shared garden." The tools of our redemption are named by Russell, love and intelligence, and in Nansen's words: "Love and tolerance are the most beautiful trees in the forest."



Woodcut by Rockwell Kent from N. by E. Brewer & Warner

This humanism by pragmatism is not a choice though Beatrice Webb claims the privilege as does science in the face of the unknown of using the hypothesis that yields the richest results, and so chooses Faith. It is forced upon us by the renunciation of immortality (almost universal in these creeds) and by the solemn truth that since we cannot decipher Nature's plan for man, man must make his own. Indeed, Nature may will our extinction unless we plan to secure

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equality in the distribution of material needs and health, to avoid war by wiser international relations, and to solve the problem of population as to quantity and quality.

The thought of all these men returns to these three questions. Economics is the root of Lewis Mumford's communism wherein we shall have leisure to choose and use all the ways of beautiful living, not only one. With Nansen, Wells, Webb, and Russell the provision of well-being is paramount. Haldane the biologist stands for health. All hate war, with Einstein first, as the negation of any plan or hope we may erect.

Naturally, people, population, must be a prime concern of humanism, but it is curious to see how potent is the dread of mass mediocrity. Dean Inge says: "Our social problems can be solved if our numbers are properly regulated. If they are not, we are hopeless." Julia Peterkin records herself: "I do not believe that the care and pity given by the strong to the weak have helped civilization. If democracy gives morons and defectives an equal economic, social, biological opportunity with better human beings, democracy will be destructive sooner or later." Haldane refers to the problem, and Sir James Jeans shows that if we plan by long periods, we are architects of a tremendous future, and have a grave responsibility to avoid a differential breeding in favor of the unfit. "If we are to make the earth a paradise again, our first duty at all costs is to prevent the moral, mental, and physical wreckage of today from starting a new sequence of unhappy lives trailing down through endless generations." In theory most of these intellectuals are for democracy; in practice, they want a new aristocracy. They thus challenge the Catholic Church so that Hilaire Belloc who speaks for that faith foresees, and rightly, a vast struggle between this institution and the new Paganism. They also challenge the social-work ideal of democratic humanitarianism.

After these major material problems that are but preliminaries, we shall go on, with freedom of research and speech, and leisure, to art, beauty, the joy of living and the glory of contemplation. In short, if there is no future Heaven, we somehow have a desire for Heaven, and must seek a tiny man-made Heaven on earth. Suffering, pain and death are eternal facts (as Edman very beautifully points out); then the only hope is to try to reduce the suffering and to expand the recognizable joys of living, to act as if we were free and to be humble in the face of silence and mystery. We must make the earth safe for mankind. The first paragraphs by Einstein sum it all: "Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose. . . . One thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men."

DEATH and mystery are the heroes of this book. It is true death does not worry most of these men; but it stops life, and is therefore the real source of our need to live richly in this span between two oblivions. The men of science are unconcerned and peaceful with their sense of law and change into which they expect to be serenely absorbed. Death is part of the law and the law is Immortal. Few of the witnesses have any interest in personal immortality, and almost none any assurance thereof. Some dread it; but even Mr. Mencken suspends judgment:

> Is there a life after death? I can only answer that I do not know. My private inclination is to hope that it is not so, but that hope is only a hope and hopes and beliefs have nothing in common. . . . If a celestial catchpole summons my psyche to heaven, I shall be very gravely disappointed, but (unless my habits of mind change radically at death) I shall accept the command as calmly as possible, and face eternity without repining.

That is fair enough of Mr. Mencken, and the last word in modern Stoicism. Once we accepted death, now we graciously endure immortality. Nathan puts death at the head of his list of fears and so of values in his dilute Epicurean code: "Never allow one's self a passing thought of death." This misses the truly fine bouquet of hedonism, the sense of captured transcience. The death's head is really what makes the feast.

Dreiser with his terrible honesty will not take death as a mere datum. "The greatest factor in all this is the fear of annihilation. . . . Of a sudden that ever appalling word—dead. . . . The effective and valuable and always amazing body that you knew, dissolved. . . . No word of truth in regard to it all from either science or religion—but with science arguing eternal dissolution and religion barefacedly lying. But no absolute truth." But death *is* a kind of absolute truth. Edman refuses any easy comfort:

> I know that I cannot live forever, but I know also that I can know and have experienced immortal things. . . . No romantic doctrine of perfectibility and engineered happiness can blind me—I don't think it really blinds anyone—to death and change. . . . But the white peace of eternity (in which I completely disbelieve) I still profoundly care for. Nor does it seem to me that crying, "Life, life, faster, swifter" can drown out the insistent fact of death which in one way or another the modern seeks to forget or circumvent or avoid. Death is our name for Nature's final and implacable defeat. I do not see on what grounds I could welcome death or what modern formulas can ease the pangs of its imminence or its absoluteness. . . . I do not see how anything but weariness can pretend that death is good or anything but cowardice neglect to make peace with it.

Haldane states one formula: "I shall last out my time and then finish. This does not worry me because some of my work will not die when I die." Then by an odd quirk he rejoices in belonging to the British Empire because some of her commonwealths have the lowest death-rate. This is not a gloomy book even on death.

WHAT do these thinkers find to enjoy? Being alive, I take it. And I presume this would be the flower of happiness for the perfected race on the paradisial earth. These are happy men (look at their twenty-two pictures) and confess they are glad to be alive, on this earth, here and now. Their consolation and recreation is the sense of Life, whether as incarnations of its august forces, or contemplators of its profound and mysterious ways, or students of its laws for human progress. Life is its own answer, whether you agree with Nathan: "One must achieve for one's self a pragmatic sufficiency in the beauty and esthetic surface of life," or Einstein: "It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesmal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

Haldane ends on the note: "It is a good show." Dreiser testifies: "In spite of all this mechanistic response which disposes of the soul or entity, and in spite of obvious cruelty, brutality, envy, hatred, murder . . . I still rise to testify to the aesthetic perfection of this thing that I see here and which we call Life." When such diverse witnesses find pleasure and peace in life as life, and deduce from its forces the good, the beautiful, and the true, we need not fear greatly.

But we must cherish humility and not ask too much—and that is only another name for faith. Keith writes: "Design is everywhere. I cannot help feeling that the darkness in which the final secret of the universe lies hid is part of the Great Design . . . the search becomes part of our religion." And Jeans: "Our race cannot expect to understand everything in the first few moments of its existence. Its newly awakened intellect is not a very safe guide. We are pioneers." And Nansen: "When we are inspired by the wonderful grandeur of the whole, we get a feeling that it is, always was, and always will be, and demands for meaning and purpose dwindle into petty impertinence."

Life for life's sake, say the intellectuals, and so are akin to all common men who have lived and died in that simple faith. Our cathedral may not be new, but the ancient one that we see shining again through the clouds that have for a little while hidden its spires.

LEON WHIPPLE

(*Letters & Life continued on page* 520)

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To Make Whole Men

THE EDUCATION OF THE WHOLE MAN, *by L. P. Jacks. Harper. 155 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

"WAR," said Theodore Roosevelt, "makes for the manly and adventurous qualities." "Peace makes . . ." We are inclined, as we proceed to finish that sentence, to pull a wry face. There seems to be no accounting for the qualities which peace engenders. Moreover, it seems to be no one's business what those qualities really should be. We educate our young people "to take their place in life," which chiefly means making a living and maintaining a private entourage. It seems clear that modern society has developed no art of calling forth in peace time the more strongly constructive, heroic qualities in man. If these qualities do appear, it is largely by accident. The Commander Byrds, Margaret Sangers, Eugene Debses, Jane Addamses and the rest are a kind of "sport." As a society, we apparently do nothing consciously and systematically to assist the development of the qualities which such as they manifest.

We need, says Dr. Jacks, the kind of education of the whole man which will bring out these strong, socially worthwhile qualities. We need the kind of all-round education which will make individuals skilled in the art of integrated living. Our traditional education does not achieve this, for it has appropriated to itself only the part man, the information-receiving part, and has therefore failed in the main to build the creative, unified individual.

We are increasingly interested in eliminating war. But what will a warless world be with the kind of lopsided and truncated individuals who now inhabit the earth? "No greater calamity could befall this world than the abolition of war prior to the discovery of its equivalent." What, asks Dr. Jacks, would be war's equivalent? Apparently it would be that kind of engagement with life which would call out heroic qualities that average peace-time existence now leaves unemployed.

Dr. Jacks' book, although it is a collection of reprints of addresses made at various times and places, is a fairly unified plea for integrated functioning in life and for the kind of education which will achieve it. Although the book has special reference to the education of the adult, its suggestions have pertinence throughout the entire field of education. Like everything that Dr. Jacks does, it is characterized by clarity of treatment and a delightful originality. H. A. OVERSTREET

College of the City of New York

The Mass Talkies

THE TALKIES, *by Arthur E. Krows. Holt. 245 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

"TWO-GUN CROWLEY, the twenty-year-old gangster, wrote behind a barricade during the recent two hour gun and tear-gas siege to capture him: "I hadn't nothing else to do. That's why I went around bumping off cops. It's the new sensation in the movies."

Notwithstanding the de luxe booklet issued by Will Hays' publicity department to the effect that the movies do not incite to crime, and the fact that it carries supporting testimony from important public men, this is the second criminal case within a few weeks in which the impulse furnished by crook plays was confessed by the criminals.

Mr. Hays may attempt to quiet the increasing public concern over such motion picture fare by announcing to the press, as he does, "The motion picture screen in recent months has done much to debunk the American gangster in films dealing with current conditions." Boys who need crime debunked are going to figure the guy who got caught was "dumb, that's all." *They* can beat the game.

To those concerned over the meretricious effect of many of our films, The Talkies, by Arthur E. Krows, will be of interest, if just for the last chapter, so keen is its analysis of the pit the producers are digging for themselves.

Mr. Krows is not a journalist, but director of sound work for the Western Electric Company which, together with the General Electric, now has millions at stake in the film industry. Therefore his opinion carries more than ordinary weight. He says that the producers are "rocking the pillars" of their own temple, not only by their insatiate ambition to make all the money they can as fast as they can, but by their blindness to the necessity of making over their costly system of distributing each film on a universal basis, instead of developing an economical method of distributing films for different types of audiences.

At the National Conference of the Better Films Committees he gave a telling illustration not found in his book. It was the distribution cost of a dairy film, of lively interest to the big dairying districts but not to other territories. During the two years while it was routed "from Dan to Beersheba" the distribution cost mounted to $225,000, during which time it netted the dairymen who produced it about $7 per week. Then the producers say that films for special audiences do not pay. This differentiation while it might not do away with such films would at least reduce their distribution. Mr. Krows is a stern business prophet as to the ultimate folly of the constant pandering necessitated by the present system of distribution. He prophecies that if the producers do not change their present policies other men will, within ten years, be directing the fortunes of the industry. The Talkies is the most constructive criticism of the subject that has appeared. INNIS WEED JONES

New York City

Cadbury, Pioneer

THE FIRM OF CADBURY 1831-1931, *by Iolo A. Williams. 295 pp. Illustrated. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

TO thousands of Americans this English manufacturing concern is better known by its by-products than by its brands of cocoa and chocolate. For this Quaker firm has been foremost in the humanization of industry. From the very start, the founder adopted measures to protect and educate his workers. In 1849 he put on paper ideas for an industrial community which later matured in the first English model garden village, that of Bournville. About the same time he started a smoke abatement campaign with the demonstration of practicable preventive techniques. Members of the Cadbury family started and guided the anti-sweating campaign that eventually resulted in the minimum wage laws; they forced the country to deal with food adulteration; and were among the first to introduce shop committees and to welcome union organization.

Through this firm's history goes a parallel attack on social ills: the way of protest and the way of example. On the whole, it was example that counted for more: it was possible to demonstrate to practical employers that a decent respect for the dignity of labor can go along with the building up of a huge business; it was possible to demonstrate to Parliament that protection of the consumer and of public interests need not impair a highly profitable investment.

On some of the reforms it took the country a generation to catch up with these pioneers; on some it has not caught up yet. It would be difficult to point to any other influence on British social attitudes and legislation that has been more effective than the persevering—often experimental and at first unrewarding—effort of a small group of conscientious manufacturers who have consistently translated the implications of their religious faith into their own, usually wholly unromantic though often imaginative, rules and practices of management.

BRUNO LASKER

Yeasty Voltaire

VOLTAIRE, *by Georg Brandes. Albert and Charles Boni. 2 vol., 769 pp. Price $10 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE eighteenth century in France marks the transformation of the man of letters into a man of action. Under Louis le Grand, a writer aspired to be a pensioned entertainer or a popular figure in a salon, frequented by excellent judges, it is true. If he wrote at all about politics, law, war or diplomacy, he generally supported the *status quo;* he wrote constructive, not destructive criticism. Often, the king rewarded him, and all was well, in the best of possible worlds.

The conditions which made insurgents out of the best thinkers of the period are still under discussion. It is possible that there was no need at all to junk the whole administrative machinery; but no one can read the substantial account of Brandes without thinking that the engineers were not attentive to all the creaks; that some of these were pretty discordant; and that a good general overhauling was sadly needed. The abuses described by Brandes might well persuade the reader that the word "progress" is not utter nonsense.

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Today people are not hanged for the theft of a few handkerchiefs. They are not generally subjected to officially approved torture; a confession of guilt obtained after the victim has been forced to drink eight cans of water (not to mention the application of that pretty little device called the Spanish shoe) would not be valid if the defendant repudiated his testimony. Capital executions are not the grand public shows they used to be—there is no breaking at the wheel, no quartering, no decapitation by several strokes. Today it is hardly a respectable thing to buy and to sell a judgeship, as Montesquieu himself did. In 1931 church and state are sufficiently apart to make sorcery, blasphemy and atheism almost harmless.

In fighting these conditions the author of Candide was admirably fitted for the task of enregimenting public opinion on his side. He had a matchless flair for publicity: he was the first writer to get rich by his pen. He was amazingly energetic; he complemented his books and his pamphlets with more than ten thousand letters. He had an instinct for formulas (slogans, we would call them today). And as everybody knows he was a past master in the use of persiflage, of murderous wit. After the attacks upon Voltaire's reputation by critics like Faguet and Strachey, it may not be amiss to listen to Brandes, who sees in the man something besides vanity, jealousy and pettiness. That Voltaire did much of his generous work anonymously and that he used his great prestige to help the underdog is uncommon enough to deserve emphasis.

The prestige of Voltaire is a curious phenomenon. While French armies were getting drubbed on the battlefield, the victorious monarchs were reading subversive works in French, contributing to Voltaire's campaign funds, and trying their best to lure him to their courts. The international currents, the humanitarian feelings set up by these books are still active today. Georg Brandes, who fought for liberalism, for tolerance and for peace all his life, was eminently fitted to write about Voltaire. He did it honestly and solidly in this readable biography—readable without cheapness and without superficiality.

Bronx, New York HERMAN SCHNURER

Lost Liberty

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY, *by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Harper and Brothers. 383 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE, *by Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. 288 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AGAIN two fearless champions of liberty set themselves to the regaining of our lost liberties—if indeed it can truthfully be said that we had ever won them. Professor Bates traces one by one the loss of our specific rights until the reader of the tale, unless he himself has watched the trend of events, will wonder if there is any liberty left that is worth the name. The Supreme Court to which the citizen naturally looks as the supreme guardian of his immortal rights, has, through a series of terrifying decisions, robbed us of the last vestige of the privileges of freemen.

In view of such decisions, is it surprising that many of the workers should despair of legal methods and turn to direct action? If one seeks the source of the I. W. W., or of the Communists he does not need to go to Russia; he will find it in the unjust—the word is carefully chosen—decisions of American courts.

The author, equally incisive in summarizing the Rosika Schwimmer case, believes, "The law of the Supreme Court has gone a long way—a very long way—toward making American citizenship contemptible."

There is painted for us in all their "grotesque and hideous detail" the essential facts about the tide of battle on the various fronts: The United States vs. the Spirit of '76, The State Can Do No Wrong, Twisting the Constitution's Tail, Intoxicated Intemperance, Liberty Frightening the World, Comstock Stalks, Education in Bondage. Reading them may be calculated to take away the last remnant of pride one may have had for his country as the land of the free. But read it just the same.

While Professor Bates has made an admirable contribution, we still await the author who will with some detail demonstrate the manner in which the present debacle has been achieved as the result of great fundamental changes in our civilization. The book is yet to be written that depicts sufficiently the sociological and (*Continued on page* 522)

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(*Continued from page* 521) economic background of the espionage acts and the suppression since the war.

MR. LASKI approaches the problem of Liberty in the Modern State from a philosophical angle, explaining that, "Our business is to secure such a balance between the liberty we need and the authority that is essential as to leave the average man with the clear sense that he has elbow-room for the continuous expression of his personality." Liberty, in general, is "absence of restraint." From the liberal point of view, at least, the writer strikes a fine balance between the antipodes in a most persuasive manner. Knowing exactly where he is at any given moment, he has penetrated into the basis of liberty with his usual poise and freshness of approach. The reader is never in doubt about the implications of the argument which marches on without a break to the finish. It sounds so much like common sense! "Where there is respect for reason, there, also, is respect for freedom. And only respect for freedom can give final beauty to men's lives."

I am told that whenever Mr. Laski appears at a political meeting in England, the speaker, particularly if he be of the opposition, trembles in his boots at the prospect of being heckled by this young professor of political science. It is this same command of bed-rock principles, mastery of facts (with only a hint of his skill in the use of devastating irony), all so discomforting to an opponent, that fascinates the reader.

Far from dealing in beautiful abstractions, this political scientist dares to illustrate his points with incidents and facts from our own time. Moreover, while Professor Bates gives typical cases of denial of liberty, Mr. Laski shows why we have these cases. Accepting the thesis of Harrington that the distribution of economic power in a state will control the distribution of political power, he demonstrates that those in power "will permit anything save the laying of hands upon the ark of the covenant. They will allow freedom in inessentials; but when the pith of freedom is attack upon their monopoly they will define it as sedition and blasphemy." How well history supports that indictment!

RAY H. ABRAMS
University of Pennsylvania

About Einstein

ABOUT ZIONISM, *by Albert Einstein. Translated by Leon Simon. Macmillan. 94 pp. Price $1.25 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

APART from the pen of its colossal author, this volume would attract little attention. It is a brief and rather disjointed assortment of papers on Zionism in one phase or another. There is nothing startling or new in it—on Zionism. But the reader will find a great deal that is fine, and new, and strong and illuminating on Einstein. And it is all good. Here his pacifism appears, dealing with the concrete matter of Jews and Arabs in Palestine. Here is his Jewish pride of race, refusing to submerge or sublimate itself. And here is his transcendence of Judaism, in a noble world-citizenship. To read this volume is to remain uncertain and unsettled about the Zionist movement; but perfectly sure that Einstein is a great, good man.

CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Scholars Bearing Gifts

SOCIAL ATTITUDES, *by Kimball Young and others. Henry Holt. 382 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE is an important book on theory as it relates to social behavior: a memorial volume to William I. Thomas by his former students and colleagues including Ellsworth Faris, Robert E. Park, L. L. Bernard, Erle F. Young, Kimball Young, R. D. McKenzie, J. F. Steiner, Ernest W. Burgess, Stuart A. Queen, Frederic M. Thrasher, Florian Znaniecki, Emory S. Bogardus, H. A. Miller, E. H. Sutherland and E. B. Reuter. These names give some idea in advance of the merits of their contributions. We need only add that here is a subject both live and timely. Those who may be interested in the controversy, over the dismissal of Professor Miller from the Ohio State University, will find in his very excellent chapter on The Negro and the Immigrant the explanation for the bitter opposition against him on the part of the Ku Klux Klan. Not the most important chapter, it is one of the several best.

Social Attitudes deserves a wide reading. If it were only

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another sociological symposium we could stop here, but it is more. It represents the viewpoint of what has been called the "Chicago school of sociology," and it is also a tribute to the man whose genius gave the "Chicago group" its flying start a decade ago. When a group of men attempt a memorial they go a little further than writing just another book: they bring gifts to the feet of a scholar. These gifts vary greatly: some sparkle with originality; others are cut whole out of the cloth woven by the master himself.

We admit that it is too much to expect all scholars to be inventors. Some do very well at embellishing the inventions of others, but that is no tribute to an inventor, unless he be an egotist, which Thomas is not. Thomas has been and continues to be a stimulating philosopher in the field of this memorial, which is social psychology. In these chapters his contributions have been amply set forth to be added upon by some, to be merely confirmed by others. The present reviewer does not quarrel with the viewpoint; he is merely suspicious of so much agreement that seems to spring more from admiration than research. It is one thing to go exploring for new knowledge, but quite another to strive to think the thoughts of the master after him. Unfortunately, that is the weakness of nearly half the chapters in this volume, and that is indeed a poor compliment to a scholar. In science no student can pay the master a greater tribute than to outstrip him.

Seth Low Junior College — NELS ANDERSON

Light in Darkness

SINCE CALVARY, *by Lewis Browne, Macmillan. 443 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE is a modern miracle—a book on church history which bids fair to become a best seller. Nothing could possibly be less interesting to the average man than the average book on this usually dry-as-dust subject. But this isn't an average book, and under this author's treatment the subject is anything but dry or dusty. He may commit every crime of which historians are guilty—let him be judged by a jury of his peers!—but he does manage to keep his writing persistently interesting. The chapters have stimulating and suggestive titles, and the material in the chapters fulfills the promise of the titles. Many of the pages carry a dark record, for the Body of Christ has been prostituted to some hideous purposes. The inheritance from heathenism; the Inquisition; the fight for temporal control; the hunting of witches and heretics; the treatment of the Jews—how could any historian, however biased, make these matters seem righteous? Mr. Browne is not visibly biased, and the record gains in force by his restraint. Giving full credit (interesting, too) to the glories and the victories of the church, he comes down to our day with something of pessimism for the future of religion. His pessimism is something akin to that of the physician who, after examining a patient, informs the patient that he has tuberculosis. The patient may be cured—the doctor hopes and thinks so—but it is no laughing matter. Specifically, Mr. Browne feels that the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy was won by the Fundamentalists. This reviewer disagrees with that verdict, but that's no matter. The thing to remember is that here is a book which is worth buying, not alone for the mass of information it contains, but also and much more for the steadily mounting interest it is sure to arouse.

CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN
Colorado Springs, Colo.

The New Sacrament

THE REMAKING OF MARRIAGE, *by Paul Bjerre, translated by T. T. Winslow, M. D. The Macmillan Company, New York. 253 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

DR. BJERRE, a psychiatrist, regards the remaking of marriage as the transformation of marriage from a social institution to which man must subordinate himself for the benefit of the family and society, to an inner experience which gives meaning to his life. Patently this is not a matter that lies wholly within the powers of any individual. It must by the very nature of things be subject to the remaking of society. Fortunately Dr. Bjerre has not produced a depressing book but views the problems of marriage from a broad standpoint.

No one can deny the validity of (*Continued on page* 524)

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(*Continued from page* 523)

his concept that honesty constitutes the ethical basis for sexual life. It is not equally true that modern man is antipathetic to the advanced demands of women except in sexual matters.

The psychiatrist, with his larger experience with psychopathology, tends at times to see life as too limited by reason of a mental squint derived from dealing with the neurasthenic and the maladjusted.

He regards a desolating loneliness as the cause of an honest reaction by the younger generation in a search for a release of erotic emotions. This viewpoint of marriage as a freedom from loneliness does not serve as a foundation for its remaking. We are far from developing a new asceticism in which sex is relegated to a mere physiologic process. There is great wisdom in the thought that love life best flourishes when there is no question concerning one mate's power through or over the other.

Dr. Bjerre makes maladjustments of marriage grow out of two trends, one based upon the parent-child relationship and the other upon a quasi inter-sibling relationship. From the maternal emotion comes the idea of mating; from the emotional relations to the sister or friend comes the idea of the mistress. Perhaps this may be so, but certainly permanency of marriage depends upon more than emotional tradition if one is to attain values that are to be secured only through voluntary allegiance for the spiritual renewal of self that rises far above loneliness or eroticism.

The problems of individual marital adjustment, while of dominant interest to every psychiatrist, must be seen in their social perspective. Marital adjustments involve more than personal relationships; there is a vast distinction between the capacity and potentialities of marital life in isolated communities and in crowded cities. There is much reality, however, in the sense of loneliness in the midst of crowded communities. The struggle of society is concerned with advancing its own vague ends through customs and education, through laws and institutions. The remaking of marriage is difficult because no one can be sure whether marriage should be remade as an institution or special groups should be remade as individuals. Society cannot promote marital communion. If marriage is a sacrament it must be remembered that sacramental unions become more difficult in an age in which the home and the school bear the earmarks of materialism and marriage needs remaking in an age that fears to face honestly the meaning of sexual growth and the practical biologic phases of an inspired art of living. In the last analysis marriage is the finest evidence of the acquisition of that art of living.

Dr. Bjerre is correct: a regeneration of the sacramental marriage can hardly take place without a thorough and radical regeneration of the entire social organ in charge of sacred things.

IRA S. WILE, M.D.

New York

THE SCHOOL FOLLOWS THE CHILD

(*Continued from page* 495)

hundred pounds have been as follows: 1928—$1.50; 1929—$1.00; 1930—75 cents. One would expect to find that attendance officers were finding it increasingly difficult to keep the older childer in school. Such does not seem to be the case. The Mexican parent, even in a period of economic pressure, apparently does not try to evade either the child-labor law or the school-attendance law. Whether this is due to fear of the law, or to appreciation of the school, cannot be dogmatically asserted. One suspects both factors enter in. But that the second plays a real part with some families, at least, there can be no doubt.

What are the results of five years of operation of the migratory schools? Hundreds of children have acquired the language which many of them will use the balance of their lives. In addition they have acquired at least the rudiments of mathematics in their new language, an important thing for the wage-earner. In the purchase of commodities where the computation has to be done quickly, as well as in the computation of wages,

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this phase of the education of the Mexican child will stand him in good stead. Finally, many of the children have gained some knowledge of the system of government under which many of them will spend the rest of their lives. In addition they have had an actual and not unfriendly contact with agents of that government, teachers, visiting nurses, attendance officers, and school supervisors.

Another most important thing which has been accomplished is training in health habits. The improvement here in five years is remarkable. On a recent visit to a number of migratory schools, the writer carefully scanned the "visitors' record." This showed that at least once a week, and in some cases twice a week, the school nurse had been in each school to examine eyes, throat, teeth, and vaccination wounds.

The parents as well as the children have benefitted greatly from the schools. The Mexican father and mother have not learned to speak English; they probably never will. They know nothing about the Constitution—they probably never will know more about it than does the average citizen. But many things they have learned. The Mexican mother has learned that pediculosis is not an inevitable scourge and that it can easily be eradicated. Seldom does a child so afflicted come to the migratory schools today, whereas five years ago practically all suffered from it. Again, superstitious fear of the terrible consequences of vaccination has been removed. True, it will take time for the full realization of the value of both cleanliness and inoculation to be grasped, but the beginning has been made.

For those who live what we call a settled existence it is difficult to imagine life without a permanent habitation. And yet it is this army of wanderers who make possible our "balanced diet" of fruit and vegetables. Perhaps it dulls one's relish a trifle to know too much about the origins of our spinach and orange juice. But the conditions are not new. All through man's history the necessities of existence have been produced by men, women and children who were denied, by the very nature of their work, the "better" things of life. And yet something is being done today for the child of the migrant which would not have been considered socially necessary, or financially justified, a very few years ago. The little daughter of the itinerant Mexican field worker who said, "I was born in the asparagus and my brother was born in the peaches" can now add, "We got our first education in the cotton."

WHEN OUR DEATHRATE GOES UP

(*Continued from page* 513)

a stationary population, and not go into an actual decline, the fall in the birthrate must be checked at a higher point than is ordinarily supposed. The deathrate in this country now (1929) stands at 11.9. It is accordingly easy to get the notion that the birthrate may fall to 11.9 before the population becomes stationary. But long before the birthrate reaches 11.9 the deathrate will necessarily have risen far above that point. The point of stabilization will be somewhere between the present birthrate of 19.7 and the present deathrate.

Our expectation of life at the present time is about 56.4 years. This calls for a birth- and deathrate of 17.7 on the basis of a stationary population. It may be that in the next few decades the expectation of life may be pushed up enough so that the rates might be stabilized a point or two lower than this. But how slight is the chance of preventing a considerable increase in the deathrate is shown by the fact that, in a stationary population, a deathrate of 12.0, such as we have now, would mean that everybody, on the average, would have to live to be over eighty-three years old!

As an example of a country with a stationary population we may take France, which, in view of these principles, appears in a very different light from that in which it is usually painted. It is customary to point at France in scorn or pity as the horrible example of a country with a stationary population, and to lay the blame on France's relatively high deathrate, 16.4. The French, to be sure, lay all the emphasis on their birthrate, and bend all their energies to (*Continued on page* 527)

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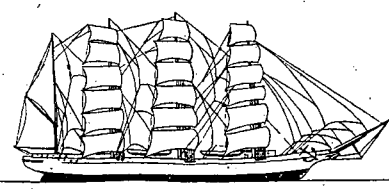

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train, Manchester to Grimsby and boat, Grimsby to Hamburg	20.50
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Five other passengers made the trip on the freighter very enjoyable. We exercised and played games, had long talks with the officers and became acquainted with many details of navigation. Our radio operator kept us in touch with the outside world by typing a sheet of condensed daily news about which we had many an interesting debate.... With a transit vise good only for direct passage through to Germany I was not allowed to tarry in England, so after about an hour of sightseeing I boarded the train for Grimsby and took the night boat for Hamburg.

Starting on my bicycle trip from Hamburg, I visited Schleswig-Holstein and the Holsteinische Schweiz and Insel Rügen, then went by boat from Swinemünde to Danzig. In East Prussia I went first to Königsberg, then along the Bernstein-Küste and Kurische Nehrung to Memel, south through the Masurische lake region and finally took the train across Poland to Berlin, which last incidentally one can do without having a Polish visé. In Berlin I was invited by a former exchange student to America to stay at his home. It was indeed a welcome invitation after nearly two months on the road and I spent a very pleasant week with him. He wishing practice, always spoke to me in English and I answered in German, each correcting the other and at times creating considerable amusement. Through the Austauschdienst I also met Graf Blumenthal, a German law student who was about to leave for America on a debating tour. From Berlin I cycled to the Sächsische Schweiz south of Dresden, then westward by way of the Erzgebirge to Erfurt, northward through the Harz to Hildesheim, and finally again south through Thüringen to München.

Exactly three months from the day I started from Hamburg I arrived in München. The trip covered 4200 kilometers of which I rode 3400 on the wheel, the rest by train and boat. Everywhere I was treated with the greatest courtesy. Many people expressed surprise that an American should make such a trip. Here is my cash account for the three months period:

clothing	150M
films and photographic supplies	200M
books	40M
train and boat fares	60M
meals, sleeping and incidentals	650M
total expenses	1100M

(a mark is equivalent to 25 cents)

The sleeping expenses were very small because of the fact that I nearly always slept in Jugendherbergen at a cost of around 60 pfennig a night which compared to 5M a night I once had to pay in a Dresden Hotel is a considerable saving. I found Jugendherbergen of all kinds and cannot recommend them as places of ideal comfort. But for one who is willing to forego such comforts for a time they are economical and furnish a pretty good view of German life. People of all ranks stop at these Herbergen. School children, young men out of work, students, professors, sailors and policemen were among those I met. Evening was a time of singing folk-songs, always to the accompaniment of guitars. Several such evenings have been indelibly stamped in my memory by the beautiful and lively singing of groups of university students.

ALFRED T. GREGORY

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(*Continued from page* 525) increase that figure. But doubtless many of them concede some truth to the oft-repeated observation that if France could only bring her deathrate down to that of certain other civilized countries, she could enjoy a very neat little increase of population. But France can not lower her deathrate materially while her birthrate stays where it is, and it is not fair to expect it of her. France has had a low birthrate for so long that her deathrate is bound to be high. The prevailing notion is that France's population is stationary because her deathrate is high. The truth is just the opposite—France's deathrate is high because her population is stationary.

France's expectation of life in 1920-23 was about 54, which, in an absolutely stationary population, would call for a death- and birthrate of 18.5. Her actual birthrate was 20.1 and her deathrate about 17.5. By strenuous efforts France might raise her expectation of life to 57 or so, in which case her deathrate would fall, and she would get a corresponding increase in her population growth without any enlargement of her birthrate. But only through the latter factor can she hope to achieve any material and rapid increase in her population—and after all, why should she want to?

Does this seem like a pessimistic article? There is no reason for so regarding it. Remember that deathrates in themselves mean nothing. The number of deaths in a year is important—the deathrate is not. A decline in the number of births will increase the deathrate; but it will not increase the number of deaths—in the end it will diminish it.

It is interesting to speculate on some of the social changes that will accompany the increase in the average age of the population which will result from a decrease in the rate of population growth. There will be changes in the relative demand for different types of commodities—someone has said "fewer baby carriages, and more wheel-chairs." There will be a shift in the relative importance of various diseases—fewer deaths from whooping cough, diphtheria, and diarrhea, and more from heart disease, cancer, and apoplexy. And as the deathrate increases from twelve to sixteen, there will be about a 30-per cent increase in the relative demand for those occupations connected with death, undertakers, casket-makers, and—shall we say doctors?

We need a decline in the rate of population increase in this country. There is little doubt that a stationary population would be an excellent thing, for a time at least. The changes that are going on are healthy and desirable. If the nature of statistics is such that these changes must be accompanied by a raise in the deathrate—that is a trivial and insignificant coincidence.

WE PAY FOR THE SMITHS

(*Continued from page* 509)

fun," and "it was only a joke." For the first time in their history Mr. and Mrs. Smith quarreled excessively. He even beat his wife, feeling, perhaps, that she could not leave him now that they were legally man and wife.

In August 1927 the end of the experiment of family supervision was written by a court order which committed the four youngest Smiths to the childplacing agency. Perhaps the most astounding fact is that Mr. and Mrs. Smith separated as soon as they were relieved of their responsibilities. Mr. Smith disappeared, but his erstwhile companion became, at the age of forty-three, a street walker. She developed an infatuation for a disreputable young man and with him left the city. At Christmas time, 1927, came a letter from Mrs. Smith written from another state, asking for money and inquiring about the children. After this there is no trace either of her or of her husband. Raymond and Daisy may have to their credit other achievements in parasitic living, but we must let their fame rest on their accomplishments here.

But the story cannot end at this point. The thirteen living children of the Smith family constitute a noteworthy legacy to the community. Their records provide a living proof of the fact that the "short and simple annals of the poor" are neither short nor simple. We cannot tell, but can only suggest the chronicle of the children's growth.

Grace and Gladys have been (*Continued on page* 533)

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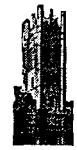

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(*Continued from page* 527) mentioned. Sexual promiscuity, an illegitimate child, a forced marriage, aid from local charities—such are the items that crop out in their records. Both have disappeared from the city and from our exact knowledge.

Raymond, Jr. and Steven, the first born of the present union, have continued, in spite of a few years of foster home care, the rowdy careers which they started so early. Both were frequent runaways, both were involved in stealing. Steven was a vicious, boastful lad, an enuresis problem even in adolescence. The theft of an auto at last put him into a state school for boys at the age of sixteen. He was eighteen when released, and whether he has continued his delinquencies we do not know. The last word on Raymond was received a year ago in a letter from the probation department of a nearby city. He was then in court for auto stealing. Both these boys were of low mentality. Raymond was classified as borderline and Steven as dull normal.

Of the remaining five children permanently committed to foster home care in 1923, one is definitely defective, three are borderline defectives. Nora is a good sample of this low grade quartet. Removed from her own home at eleven, five years of foster home care accomplished little. Petty stealing persisted. Enuresis was a problem until adolescence. All attempts to train her in habits of work, reliability, and truthfulness have been failures. A strong sex interest led her into serious sex delinquency, and at the age of sixteen she was placed in a school for wayward girls. The school authorities acknowledged failure after two years and returned her to the community. A working home was found for her, but her attitude and behavior were so poor, and her work habits so slovenly that the experiment was a complete failure. She was then placed in a state school for defectives, although the certificate of mental defct was based on her social failures rather than on her test ratings.

Robert, Isabelle, and Laura have duplicated, as nearly as possible, Nora's history. Robert has also specialized in runaways and sex perversion. Isabelle has added bowel incontinence to enuresis. Robert is in a school for defectives, Laura is now waiting for acceptance in the same school, and Isabelle will certainly require such care within a few years. Of this whole group only Gloria shows normal intelligence and behavior.

The four children committed in 1927—of whom two had already had a year of foster home care in 1923—make perhaps a slightly better showing. On the other hand their personalities become more difficult as they grow older. Of the four two are children of borderline mentality while the other two are normal or dull normal. Two of the group are enuresis problems, and such traits as stealing, lying, selfishness, and irritability give their supervising social workers some concern. One of the children, Fred, is making a genuinely good foster home adjustment. Beatrice, age five, the one legitimate child of the thirteen, as yet presents few serious problems. We can only hope that in her case a healthy environment will be sufficient to counteract the hereditary influences.

So much for the saga of the Smiths. Like John Brown's soul it still "goes marching on." But it might be appropriate at this point to call for an accounting. What have the Smiths cost? What is the price of this monument to community care for families that are socially unfit? Very briefly the bill may be itemized as follows:

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Medical care including hospital and nursing costs, figured very conservatively. No charge for doctors' services	1,292
Psychological and psychiatric examinations	440
58 years of foster home care for the children @ $350 per year	20,350
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	?

What are we to conclude from this study? The story is new only in its particulars. It was perhaps told for the first time nearly twenty years ago in the volume on the Kallikak family, and similar studies have been made since. Yet the fact of the existence of the Smiths in 1931 is proof that the problems they raise are no more answered now than they were in 1912. The community has no effective social policy in operation which will curb the formation of further Smith families. Not only that, it is a question whether organized community effort is taking any effective steps toward formulating such a policy.

What is the answer to the situation represented by the Smiths? Is it in methods used by our welfare agencies—development of better professional techniques? Certainly there were instances where the rapport between worker and client was not of the best, and the amount of relief given in the home seems miserably small when compared with the vast cost of the family after its breakup. (*Continued on page* 535)

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(*Continued from page* 533) Yet the fact must be faced that every time relief was increased Mr. Smith's disinclination for work also increased. Although here and there in the voluminous records of this case, the methods used might be open to question from the professional standpoint, a thorough study makes it difficult to believe that the whole situation would have been greatly altered by more skillful handling on the part of the case workers.

Perhaps the answer lies in laws permitting sterilization of the unfit. One doubts, however, whether under any reasonable law these parents could have been sterilized. They are, judging from the evidence, borderline rather than defective, and they are certainly not insane.

Birth control may be suggested as the panacea, but it should be recognized that even had the parents known methods of contraception, ignorance would probably have hindered their successful use. Yet it is true that in the early years of their union Daisy and Raymond were self-supporting and might have continued so had not the ever-increasing burden of pregnancy and birth, pregnancy and birth, worn down the vitality and courage of these far-from-gifted parents. It is also worth noting that if the total cost—past, present, and future—of the Smith family could be invested in medical research, means of birth control might be discovered which would be adequate for rich and poor, ignorant and intelligent.

Whatever may be the varying conclusions that each will come to, following out the pattern of his own prejudices and interests, one fact stands out clearly and sharply: so long as there are Smith families—and every community of any size could produce several examples—there is a standing challenge to think in larger terms than the technique and method of present-day social work. Deep laid social ills of the sort the Smiths represent will not be cured by new ways of relief-giving, by an analysis of the emotional situation between worker and client, by new systems of keeping case records. They call not only for refinement of method but for bold, farsighted policies of social planning and social control.

CONNECTICUT BENDS THE TWIG

(*Continued from page* 505)

some of these admissions were made: "That story is true to life. We do mean things in a crowd." "The author doesn't really preach. He doesn't have to. You can think it out for yourself about standing out against the crowd."

No one of the group activities is so interesting by itself as is the sense of the concentrated purpose which appears in the accumulated reports made by the teachers themselves and marked by the diverse personalities that have gone into the steering of the various projects. One can see how truly individual the contribution of the different teachers has been and appreciate that the temptation to impose a Plan ready-made has been resisted. Here is an experiment which is alive and growing in the hands of men and women whose abilities and training may be diverse but who have caught with amazing unanimity an idea that has real vitality.

This shows even more colorfully in a group of reports on individual children whose personality problems were handled by their class teachers, acting as visiting teachers and tracing the sources of difficulties beyond (*Continued on page* 536)

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(*Continued from page* 535) the classroom. There was Norman, an only child who cried at the least provocation. Other children enjoyed teasing the "cry baby," and a situation developed which was as bad for the bullies as for Norman. His parents were found to be in a morbidly anxious state about his health because of an accident in his babyhood. The teacher prevailed upon them to have a medical examination of the child which would relieve them of unnecessary terrors and give them a basis for encouraging Norman in self-reliance. The father who had always fought Norman's battles for him was prevailed on to throw his weight with the teacher's in making his son realize that to continue little mean tricks and baby habits which provoked the other children and then to "squeal" on them and get older people to defend him was cowardly. Independence was achieved and a place for Norman among the "regular fellows."

A little girl under the guardianship of the Children's Aid Society had been boarded in many different homes and had become known at school for a hostile attitude toward the children, the teachers and the whole world in which she moved. The teacher met the foster mother and the Children's Aid advisor and they agreed to cooperate in helping Alice adjust herself. All chances to show the child that she was really needed by her associates were used. She was brought into constant and close association with various groups of children through parts in plays and projects. When given responsibility and trust she rose to the occasion and has freed herself entirely from the old tactics of obstruction and defiance.

Far harder cases, in which the teacher found herself faced with a child's battles in homes where the situation was grim and tragic beyond belief are recorded. Children whose unhappy background shows itself in behavior problems that call forth punishment, or dislike that intensifies the difficulty have been met with sympathy and understanding. The fact that this work of dealing with a child in the light of his outside experiences is a new procedure in the majority of cases indicates the reason for unsuccessful efforts at discipline and control in our schools. Yet for teachers in large public school classes to acquire this fuller personal knowledge is a heavy task as everyone who has come close to the problem knows.

IT has been assumed as a major requirement in the Norwalk plan with the result that last year, previous to Education Week, 1274 visits were made by regular grade teachers. Sixteen teachers visited 100 per cent of their pupils in their homes and 88 per cent of the teachers undertook the task. Their records show in a vivid way the kind of community they are dealing with,—one which brings to the schools the influence of homes of such differing standards and opportunities that coordinated class activities seem almost out of the question. But through the whole plan, even as reflected in typewritten reports, there is anything but the echo of despair. Far more interesting than the schemes themselves is the sense of enthusiasm which the driving force of a single ideal has given the work of the schools. The comprehension of the child as a whole personality belonging to a world larger than the classroom, a world which will measure his success in something more real than percentages has given a deeper meaning to the teaching of the three R's and the college preparatory work alike.

Report cards from the Norwalk schools are not expressed in terms of grades but in comments on the success of the pupil's attack on the problems that confront him,—health, social adjustments, mastery of skills. Prize contests of all kinds have been abolished and the stress on the competitive aspects of sport removed so that the goal of effort becomes the joy of accomplishment rather than the pinnacle of victory.

To those who have done educational work in smaller and more homogeneous groups under the leadership of inspired school masters, most of these things sound reminiscent rather than revolutionary. If it is surprising to find a ring of adventure in the Norwalk project, it only underscores the lack that our larger school machines too often display. And in the effort to fill this lack, the interplay of a State Department of Education with a university group offers a new and promising approach to the problem of character building as the real end of education, to the modern problem of bringing to bear on it the resources of our best scientific training and research.

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